INTERNATIONAL

club

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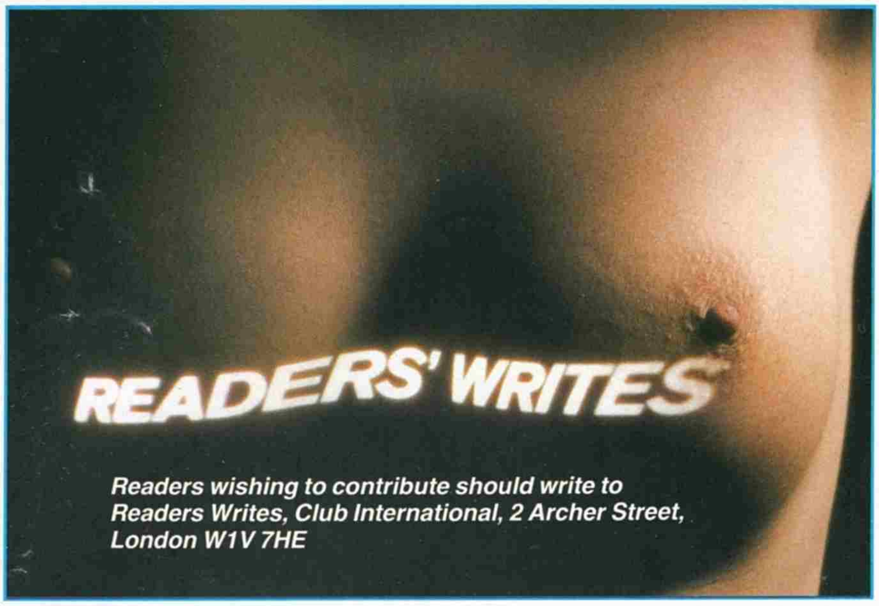


READERS' WRITES

Readers wishing to contribute should write to Readers Writes, Club International, 2 Archer Street, London W1V 7HE

Virgin No More

Hi, fellas, it's Tracey from Lincoln again (you first came across me in *Readers' Writes*, Vol 15 No 7, if you remember).

Thanks for publishing my letter. I just couldn't believe it when I saw it in print, and I had some superb wanks while reading it. No doubt you'll be pleased to learn that, since I last wrote to you, I'm no longer "like a virgin". I've had *plenty* of the real thing!

I suppose that, when I wrote to Club, I half-hoped someone would recognize my description of myself, and that sex would somehow follow. But what actually happened was better than I could ever have hoped for!

I was in my room one night (in bed, actually), as there was nothing on TV. I suppose it was about 10.30 or so when one of my flatmates knocked on my door and called: "Tracey! Quick . . . quick! I've got something for you!"

I couldn't believe my eyes when I opened the door. Sure enough, there was Debbie, my flatmate, but behind her were three lads – all totally naked! "I'm your fairy godmother," she said, "and I bring you three wishes. Naughty girl – fancy writing dirty letters. Anyway, I'm off to bed, Tracey. See you in the morning . . ."

I was still stunned as the three lads came into my room and closed the door. They introduced themselves as Paul, Sean and Nick, but all I could really take in were three gorgeous cocks. They took my nightie off and their hands groped all over my body, pulling on my tits and taking my knickers down as they lay me on the bed.

My cunt was dripping and aching for it, but they teased me for a while: they rubbed my tits, pulled my legs wide open and waved their cocks over me. They asked me how I wanted it, and I blurted out something silly like: "Every way! Do it all to me!"

Sean put a condom on and went between my thighs. I grabbed the other two cocks and pulled them on to my tits. Sean's cock slid in easier than he had expected, but I knew it was because of the hammering my cunt had taken from my 13-inch dildo. I couldn't believe it was all happening – I wasn't a virgin any longer, and his cock felt just great!

I squeezed Paul's and Nick's cocks, rubbing them over my tits as I started to come. As one orgasm merged with another, I took the two cocks and put them in my mouth, still teasing them with my fingers. Sean started to come inside my cunt, so I pulled harder on the cocks in my mouth: I wanted them all to come together. They didn't quite make it, but Sean was still sighing with pleasure when my mouth was flooded with warm, creamy spunk. I gulped it all down (I can't think why some girls won't suck cock – spunk really is nice, and makes orgasms even better).

We all collapsed in a heap on my little single bed, kissing and groping. After Sean withdrew, I took his johnny and drank the spunk from it. That made them all stiff again, and we were soon hard at it once more.

They had me in the doggy position, with Paul fucking me from behind and Nick fucking my mouth. Then Sean wriggled underneath me and pushed his cock up between my tits. He grabbed my tits hard and clamped them around his tool, caressing it with my 34-inchers. Again, I had several orgasms as they fucked me and made very complimentary remarks about my body. Their cries of pleasure must have kept half the street awake!

I licked Sean's spunk off his belly, then sucked him back to full hardness. I lay on my back as they all caressed my long legs, and asked me to finger myself off while they watched. Of course, I was happy to oblige, and I don't know who got the most pleasure out of it – me or the lads!

Then I said: "Fair's fair – now you wank for me!" At first they were unsure, but they soon sussed a very sexy possibility – they were going to wank over my body. I lay spreadeagled as they kneeled around me, pointing their cocks at my mouth. As they began to wank, I licked my lips in anticipation.

My hands strayed down to my tits, squeezing and pulling on my nipples, before moving right down to my dripping pussy. I rubbed my clitoris furiously as the three lads wanked away even harder. Their sighs – and their size – increased, then the creamy shower exploded over me.

I saw the first globule fly through the air and hit my nose, then one blob flew straight into my begging mouth, then my glasses were covered and I could feel their spunk running down my cheeks. My own orgasm was the hottest and most powerful I'd ever known: I'd never felt so superbly sexy.

I don't know how long we kept coming, but I knew my face was dripping with their spunk. I cleaned my glasses with my hair as Paul let me look at myself in a mirror. I continued to wipe my face clean with my hair while the boys sucked on my nipples and gently licked my cunt.

Well, I'd had some long, hard sessions with my dildo, but nothing could compare with that first taste of the real thing. We were at it right through till morning, then we slept for most of the day. I think Debbie was jealous afterwards, but it's not my fault I'm so highly-sexed, is it? I've had no shortage of cock since then, and would like to thank Club for "getting me started". Thanks so much. I'd love to fuck all of you, too. *Tracey, Lincoln*

I don't know if we could stand the pace – Ed. Speak for yourself, boss – Prod. Ed.

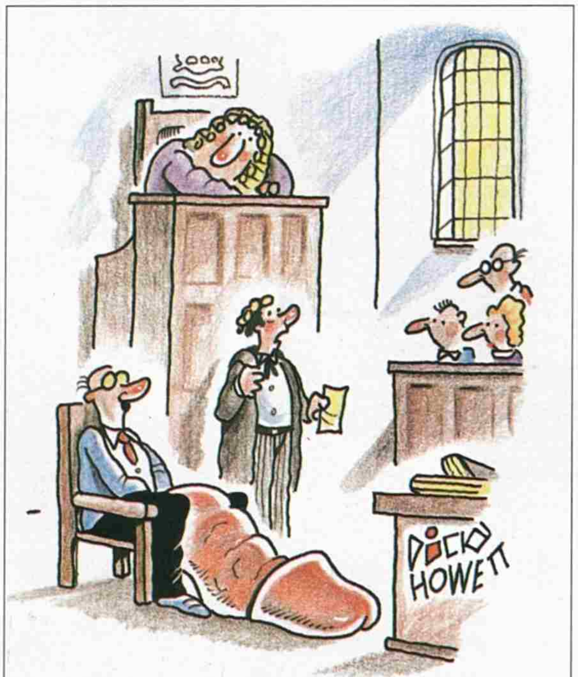


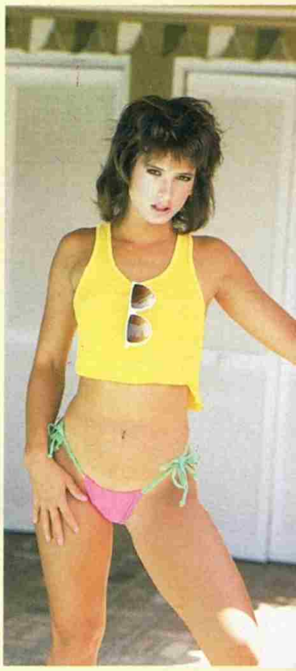
Exhibit "A", m'Lud, in The Crown vs. Dr Scrotum's Penis-Enlargement System

Oil's Well . . .

When I was on holiday in Greece this year, I had a most unforgettable experience.

I strolled down to the local beach to do a bit of sunbathing on my first day, and saw one of the most horny bodies a man could wish to set eyes on – firm tits, slim waist, curvy hips and a luscious dark tan. My eyes popped out of my head and my head popped out of the top of my trunks. I spent the whole day sunbathing on my front, digging holes in the sand with my hard-on.

continued on page 6



NIKKI

Nikki Randall, the almost wa
like American whose set starts
page 8, is probably a very nice g
indeed. Like the rest of us, she h
to make a living, and her partic
lar speciality is partaking in bl
movies. If her efforts in *Gid*
Goes to Hawaii, *Female Aggre*
ors and *Women of Frankenst*
are anything to go by, she's go
at her job and works very hard.
on the other hand, she is to
judged by the 1500-word "C
distributed by her agent, then s
is little more than a receptacle
the male sex organ. Never mi
Nikki's bust measurement, h
star sign, her favourite food,
even her age. "*Nikki was nev*
really fucked until her first por
stud," rants her boss, presumab
with one hand on his Olympia, t
other down his trousers. "*The o*
way to put her fire out is to fuck h
brains out," he continues, fina
concluding: "*That's all she doe*
empties cocks at every chance s
gets." Well, it's certainly reass
ing the great American litera
tradition of Poe, O'Neill, Kerou
and Kesey is being kept alive
this teenager's greaseball guv'n
– but does he seriously expect
to believe his money-spinning pr
tégée is doing blue movies f
kicks, not money? The more se
of Nikki, and the less heard of h
agent, the better! **And there's lo**
more of Nikki to be seen on page

irl Talk

This is the page where we try and put words to the pictures – sketch in the background, so to speak. It isn't always easy – what's in the foreground often seems to monopolize our readers' attention. Still, if you are interested in the mind as well as the body, read on . . .

SOPHIA

It happens, occasionally. A super, saucy, chirpy little number like Sophia here pops into the studio, "does the business" in front of the proverbial prying lens, slips back into her things – and doesn't really have much to say. No opinions on South Africa, no outrageous experiences with West Coast porno studs with which to blow the mind or burst one's flies. But she's a smashing girl, is Sophia. Her Dad manages one of the oldest pubs in the East End, her Mum organizes the Saturday night sing-songs, and her sister does back-up vocals for visiting US rock bands on the West End club circuit. Twenty quid a night!" exclaims Sophia. "Diabolical, innit!" And she, herself? "Oh, I went to secretarial college and made a living temping for a couple of years," she says, dolefully. "That's all right if you get off on £100 a week and being mentally undressed each and every time you walk across the office floor." Loftier aspirations than secretarying, then? "When I walk down our street and see girls I was at school with, about 19 or 20 years old, pushing prams and arguing in the butcher's over the price of a bit of stewing steak, it makes me all the more determined to better myself," she says, with a defiant air. "My sis laughed when I said nudie modelling would get me exposure (I always muddle my words up!) but I was right. I got three days' work in a pop promo video due to my last spread, and a further four days the next week, at £100 a day! Geezer reckons I'm a 'natural'. Can you Adam 'n' Eve it?" We can, Sophia – as it 'appens. Fingers crossed for a brighter, better future. **And she certainly has one, judging by the pics on page 61!**

DONNA

Anything but a prima donna, this one. Such a charming, likeable young lady, in fact, it was difficult drumming-up any salacious dope on her whatsoever. She said she was 23 years old, a dental nurse in Acton, supported QPR, enjoyed being wined and dined at Wimbledon Dogs of a Saturday, and "worshipped" Sean Penn. So far so jolly, er, *fascinating*, until Donna let it slip – about the boyfriends, plural; how she couldn't make up her mind which one she liked most, so they all three chipped-in and bought a cosy little semi. Charles, Ricky and she. And all of a sudden, Donna became a very interesting young lady indeed! "What happens on Saturday nights?" we enquired, nosily. "What do you tell your mum?" or: "Do the lads ever quarrel?" and, saucily: "Don't they wear you out?" Donna giggled and assured us her Charlotte Rampling-style live-in threesome had its roots in nothing kinkier than practicality and common sense. "Only occasionally do we all three tumble into bed together," she insisted, while the real motivation for buying the house jointly wasn't so much to enable them all to indulge their troilistic lusts, as a good, old-fashioned investment. Pure and simple. **Donna's our very worthy centre set this month – as you'll see on page 44.**

GINGER

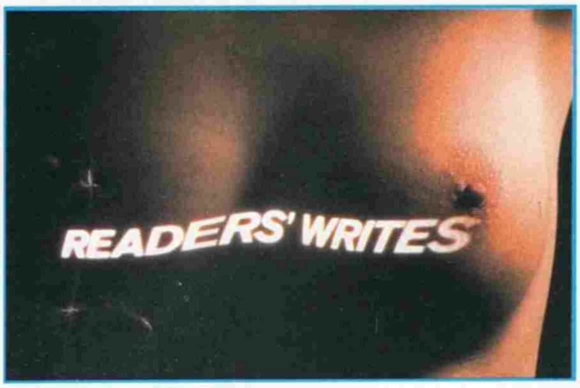
To her own way of thinking, she's a small blonde with medium-sized tits who likes all the things which lead up to sex. To everyone else with a couple of eyeballs and an organ capable of swelling enormously on visual contact, she is Ginger Lynn, America's hottest property since the discovery of plutonium. She's so hot, they name films after her like – *Ginger's Sex Asylum, Ginger On The Rocks, Ginger's Private Party, Club Ginger, Gentlemen Prefer Ginger, Project Ginger* and *The Ginger Effect*. You're getting the idea, and the effect.

She grew up in Rockford, Illinois, surrounded by cornfields and cows, and found she was "an early bloomer". She was bored to death there, so she came everywhere else. Sensuality is a sort of trademark of hers, according to her own calculations. Give her lust and she's a happy woman. Foreplay is what she wants, plenty of foreplay. Teasing, to her way of thinking, makes for amazing sex. She prefers to be really wet, even before she gets to touch anybody, or gets touched herself.

With all that rootin' and lovin' on and off screen, Ginger's just got to have a few preferences. She says she swings both ways, but leans towards men. Ideally, these men have to be "charming, honest, passionate and good lovers". She was raised to believe that sex was and is a form of expressing love. A director she worked with once remarked that she performed the most exciting blow-job on camera that he'd seen in twenty years of the business. **Why don't you see how she rates on your own scale by turning to page 71?**

CHLOE

When Chloe last graced our pages – emphasis on the *graced* – in Vol 15 No 10, she was described as "elegant, sophisticated and utterly, compellingly sexy." Well, you'll be pleased to hear that those words still ring true. The Eva Peron look may have gone, but the sheer sculptured beauty of 31-year-old Chloe is still on display to be admired: she is to glamour models what Wedgwood is to china, what Bentley is to luxury cars, etc. But does this descriptive finery sum up the Chloe of the real world? "I certainly like to surround myself with the fine things in life, if that's what you mean," opines the lady herself. "But I wouldn't describe myself as genteel – not by any means. My favourite party outfit, for example, consists of lots of leather, a string vest with nothing on underneath, and a punked-up hairstyle: I'll show you it some time. In fact, a boyfriend once told me the 'wild' image suited me better because that was more in keeping with my bedroom behaviour. I'm sure I haven't the *slightest* idea what the chap meant . . ." Well, we could guess, but it's probably better left unsaid: somehow, one has the impression such revelations just wouldn't be in keeping with Chloe's air of (verging on) respectability – **which is yours to savour on page 35.**



continued from page 4

The next day she was there again, so I positioned my towel quite close to her for a good view. My thoughts of what I would like to do to her were interrupted when she sat up to put on some tanning oil. Rather clumsily, she tried to smear some over her back. "What the fuck," I thought. "She can only say no."

I got up and calmly walked over to offer my assistance. I thought she was a Continental, but she turned out to be Irish. She was grateful for my help, and lay down on her front while I smeared oil all over her gorgeous, silky back with my sweating, trembling palms. I took as long as I could, but I eventually had to say she was done.

To my amazement, she rolled over and said: "What about the front, then?" She closed her eyes and just lay there expectantly. I couldn't believe it.

I started at her stomach and worked up, avoiding her tits and rubbing oil around her shoulders and neck. Finally, I plucked up the courage. I squirted about half the bottle of oil into my hands and massaged it gently into her fabulous boobs. She was breathing very heavily, and I thought I would come all over her at any second.

After about ten minutes I stopped. She sat up and simply said: "Come with me." She walked off, and I followed like a little dog. She led me into the hotel and then to her room. She didn't say a word; she just pushed me on to my back on the bed, and pulled my trunks down to my ankles. She then took the whole of my solid cock into her mouth and sucked hard.

She licked and nibbled my knob for what seemed like ages, but she wouldn't let me come. Finally, she stood up and reached for the sun-tan oil. She rubbed it into my cock and balls and also into her tits. Then she straddled me so my cock was in her cleavage.

She slid my cock in and out ruthlessly until I came all over her face. She wiped her face clean, got up and went – as I thought – to the bathroom. I just lay there in ecstasy and bewilderment. When I opened my eyes, her T-shirt and her towel had gone. I looked in the bathroom, but she'd disappeared. I never saw that sexy Irish girl again.

I don't have a regular sex life, but my monthly perusal of the heavenly bodies in Club International makes sure I have everything well in hand. Still, the thought of what happened in Greece is enough to keep me happy for a while.

Duncan, Brighton

Black Rod

I don't know if I'm unique in this respect, but I'm very turned-on by the sight of men wearing black johnnies. As it happens, I don't need my boyfriends to wear condoms because I'm on the Pill.

Even so, the sight of a big, hard dick with shiny, black rubber stretched over it really brings out the whore in me. I like the taste of it, too: and, for that matter, I like the taste of Vaseline and KY Jelly. Most of all, I like my lover to smear maybe half a jar of Vaseline over my face, my lips and inside my mouth.

Then, all greasy and hot for sex, I like to go down on his rubber-covered cock, sucking like a slut. When he says he's getting near his climax, I like to cut away the "bubble" at the end with scissors, so that his glans is exposed. That way I get to taste not just the rubber, but his spunk as well.

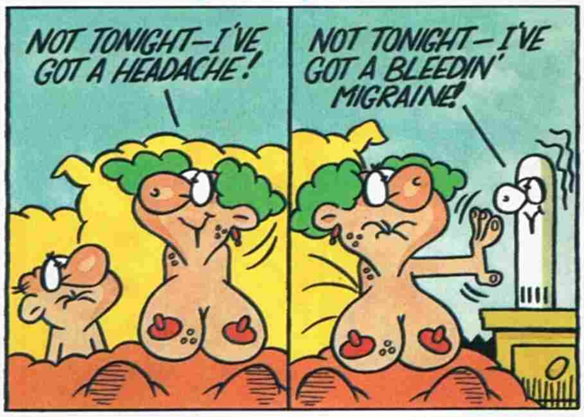
Many of my boyfriends say my sexual preferences are absolutely disgusting – though I've yet to be turned down.

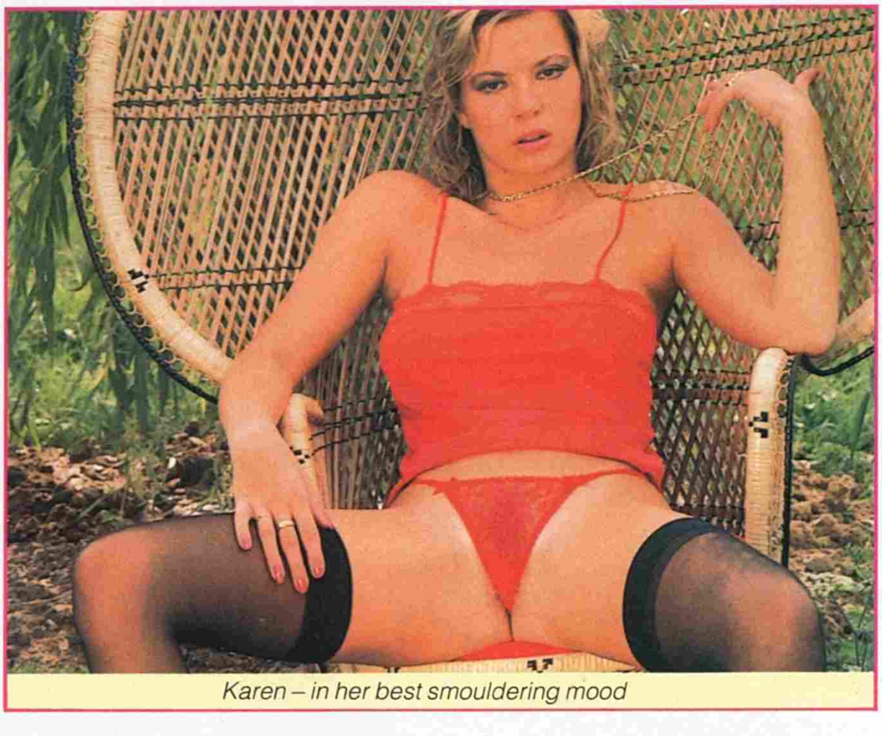
Maureen, Luton

Funday Monday

My experience of sexy threesomes had always been restricted to reading about them in your magazine (like most of your readers, I imagine). But I had my real-life opportunity just recently, and it was certainly a whole lot more exciting than just reading about it, I can tell you!

VIBES by Tony Neat


NOT TONIGHT—I'VE GOT A HEADACHE!
NOT TONIGHT—I'VE GOT A BLEEDIN' MIGRAINE!


Karen – in her best smouldering mood

I was drinking at one of my local pubs on a drab Monday night. There were only about 15 or 20 people in the whole place, and two girls caught my attention straight away. They were really pretty, aged about 19 or 20, and they were sitting unaccompanied at the bar. They gave me the impression they'd come straight from the office, as they were both wearing business-style suits.

They gave me the glad eye, and I reckoned this was too good an opportunity to miss. I went and introduced myself, and bought them drinks. I realized right away they were already pretty drunk. It seemed they had good bodies hidden away beneath their sober attire, and there was something "itchy" about their presence that really turned me on. They seemed disappointed I didn't have a friend who lived near enough for us to make up a foursome, but they didn't object when I suggested we all go back to my place for more drinks.

Once home, I fixed them a drink and sat between them on my beat-up old leather sofa, first fooling around and then finally three-way kissing with them. It was the first time I'd had two strange tongues in my mouth together – and it felt just amazing.

However, things started to hot up pretty quickly. Next thing I knew, I was aware of two hands slipping down between my thighs – and a little tug at my zip told me it was indeed my lucky night. The younger of the two girls got up and pulled my pants down around my ankles, then she and her friend started playing with my dick, pulling the foreskin back, tickling my exposed glans and finally taking turns to suck me off.

While all this was going on, *my* hands were getting busy, too. I unbuttoned their shirts, slipped my hands into their well-filled bras, then slid my fingers between their sleek, stockinged thighs. The response was magical! They hoisted their skirts, peeled off their panties, and guided my fingertips to their hot little pussies. All three of us were really gasping for it now.

Karen, the cute little redhead, got hers first. I kneeled in front of her, spread her legs, and started to fuck her. Meanwhile, Melanie, a slightly fuller-chested brunette, went behind me, reached under my bum, and started to jiggle my balls. As I got into my stride, Karen became really wet and I could see my hard cock glistening as it pumped in and out of her.

Then, withdrawing only seconds before I came, I bundled Melanie into the doggy position and started humping her from behind. Karen lay in front of us, brazenly frigging herself.

I could hardly believe my luck that I was party to such a wild, sexy scene – and my only lasting regret is that I couldn't stop myself from coming within just a few minutes: not that that seemed to worry the girls, who seemed perfectly happy to wait until my balls had filled up again. Then we started from the beginning once more.

The following day, I was really pissed off to discover the phone number they'd left me was false. It left a nasty doubt in my mind that maybe I'm not the sexual superman I always thought I was!

Rick, Bristol

Welcome Back

What a delight it was to see the pictures of Karen in Vol 15 No 11. I wrote a praise-filled letter to you the first time you featured this gorgeous girl some time back. Even though it wasn't published, I just can't hold myself back from putting pen to paper again – it seems Karen inspires me to write (amongst other things!).

The phrase "beautiful tits" is much over-used, I feel. But there's no doubt in my mind that this description certainly applies to Karen, who has the best pair of knockers I can remember seeing. They're not the biggest, but they're pleasantly large on such an otherwise slim, slender frame. Other highlights worthy of note are those dark, smouldering eyes – which could induce a hard-on at 20 paces – and her dark, smouldering pussy – which is the ideal resting place for any hard-on.

I realize you can't feature the same girls too often, but I'd like to think it won't be too long before Karen graces your pages again.

Martin, Wakefield

She will, Martin. She will, indeed – Ed.

New Trick

After eight years of marriage, no less, I've discovered my wife hasn't been getting full satisfaction from our lovemaking. It's certainly true our methods have been pretty orthodox: the mandatory ten minutes or so of foreplay (sometimes including oral sex), followed by intercourse in any position which happens to take our fancy.

However, it seems I've been labouring under an illusion. I reckoned every – or nearly every – time I climaxed, my orgasm was in synch with my wife's. Not so!

This unsettling revelation occurred late one night recently when my wife returned home from a party she'd been to with some old school mates. She was quite drunk, and said she was feeling really randy. She collapsed on the sofa, lifted her skirt and pleaded with me to go down on her. She looked particularly ravishing in her white fishnet stockings and skinny little white cotton panties, so I eagerly got down between her knees, hooked her panties to one side, spread her lips so wide she said it ached, and gave her such a vigorous sucking, she was wriggling and wailing and begging me to do all manner of kinky things to her.

I withdrew my tongue, and – for the first time ever in our relationship – my wife reached down and started to frig herself before my very eyes. At first I was considerably taken aback, but it didn't take long for the sheer eroticism of the situation to get to me, the sight of her fingertips working like mad on her bared clitoris sending even greater power to my balls.

"Why don't you wank off into my pussy?" she suggested, wickedly. She held her pussy so wide open, I could see right in the entrance. And I swear I've never had such a colossal hard-on in all my life! I took off my clothes, got between her knees again, and introduced the head of my cock between her wet labia. The vibrating from the pounding she was administering to her clit surged through her entire crotch.

Soon, I was also masturbating, letting my cock-head luxuriate in her natural moistness as I wanked away. The experience was just fantas-

continued on page 95

COME AGAIN

We came perilously close this month to awarding the *Come Again* slot to an entire issue, ie Vol 15 No 11. It seems each page of this particular issue held new eye-popping delights for many of you (which, after all, is what we're here for, right?), and you weren't backwards at coming forward to tell us as much.

All the girls came in for their share of glad tidings, but – after a protest and three recounts – it's the truly lovely Anita who takes pride of place this time around.

"Being the leg man that I am," says Dave of Huddersfield, "you can imagine the sheer delight with which I viewed the picture set of Anita: I spent literally hours leering at her lovely lower limbs. Her exposed pouting pussy lips are the icing on the tastiest cake I've never tasted." We think we know what you mean, Dave.

Smartarse of the Month award goes to Alastair of Greenock. "I was listening to the radio when I first saw the pictures of Anita," he tells us. "They were playing a record called *The Lady In Red*. Isn't that a coincidence?" Yeah, simply amazin', man . . .

Back in the real world, NM from Londonderry sent us what amounted to a page-by-page appreciation of Vol 15 No 11. To reward his efforts, here's an extract for his scrapbook:

You've done it again! Just when a happy-go-lucky average male like myself is trying to make his living, be an honest citizen and not have too many bad thoughts or intents towards his fellow man, along you come with Vol 15 No 11. This issue of Club has to be one of the best – if not *the* best – you've ever published.

Putting your girls in any sort of order, from good to really stunning, would be very difficult for me: they're all bloody gorgeous!

My two favourite girls this month, though, have got to be Tracey of *Club Chance*, and the quite spectacular Anita. I can't thank you chaps enough for the long, slow, delightful wank I had over her: those deep, brown eyes, black hair and luscious, most kissable lips. I really freaked out over that sense of undress – but yet not naked – which really enhances a girl's body.

How I loved those red undies, matching suspender belt and pants, not to mention the white stockings high up on Anita's thighs and, of course, those long stilletos.

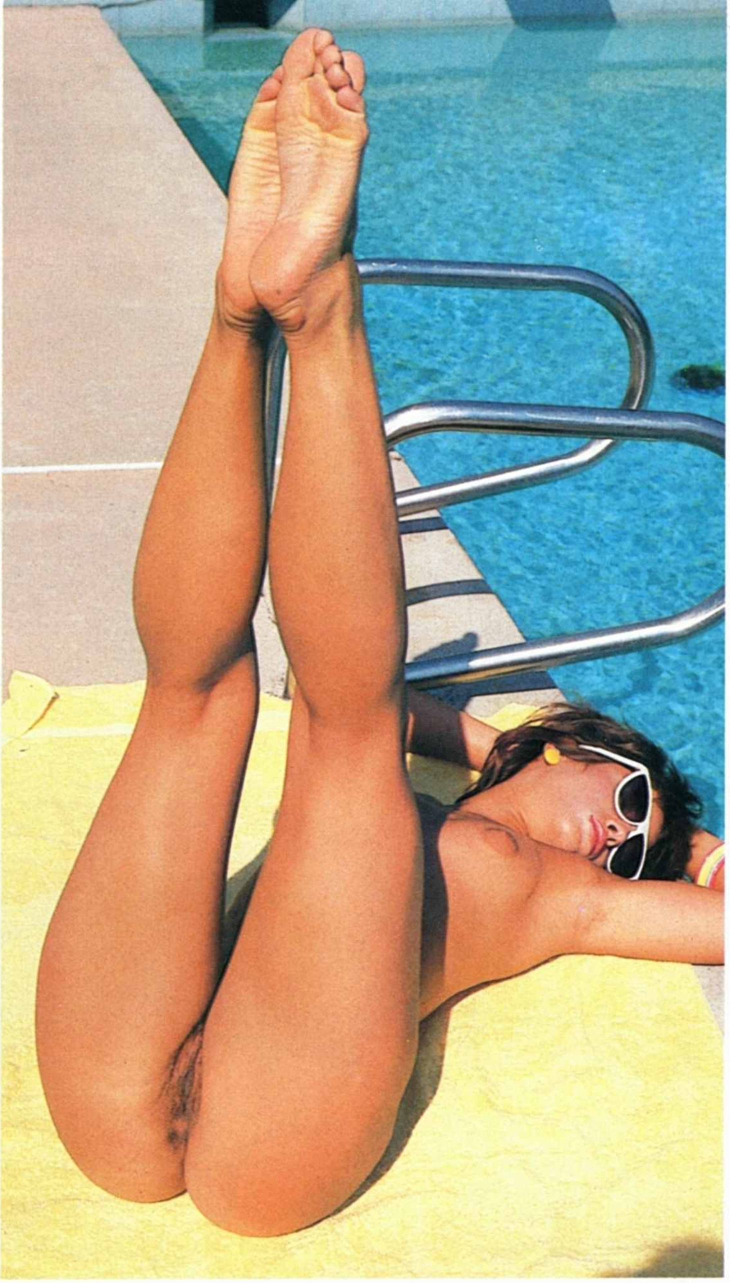
The picture I liked best was displayed across pages 46 and 47. Here was everything I found exciting about Anita, especially that truly gorgeous arse of hers.

My mind boggles at the thought of the things we could get up to together, though my fantasy would be for her to sit on my face. I would eat her out and get her to put my cock in her mouth and suck me off. I wouldn't want her to swallow my spunk, though; I'd want to come all over her face and hair.

NM, Londonderry

Photographs by Joe King

Nikki.



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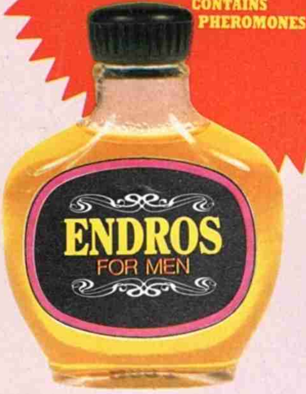

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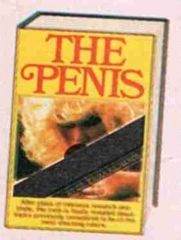

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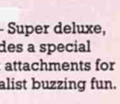

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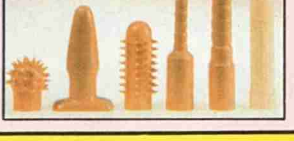

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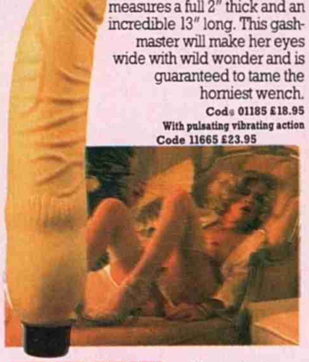

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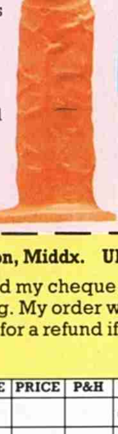

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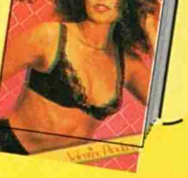

HPABCSH

PILBEAM'S PROGRESS

A WEEK IN POLITICS – Part 6

Notes towards the autobiography of a working politician. Dictated by ERNEST PILBEAM MP (left on a bus by Ms Cheryl Pagge and picked up by TYM MANLEY).

EDITOR'S NOTE: IN PREPARING THESE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS FOR THE PRESS, WE HAVE TAKEN GREAT CARE TO ADHERE CLOSELY TO THE ORIGINAL. THE EXPRESSION "(EXDEL)" INDICATES WHERE AN EXPLETIVE HAS BEEN DELETED. "TITSYPOOH" IS PILBEAM'S PET NAME FOR MS PAGGE (HIS SECRETARY AND PRIVATE ASSISTANT). "PIGGY" IS HER PET NAME FOR HIM. YEUCH!

Monday:

Tony Benn is the sanest man in politics today. People think he's mad, but that's only because he swills tea by the gallon and is constantly strung-out on caffeine. And because he's always coming on so radical.

In reality he's a lovable, clubbable old buffer. I hope that soon he will let us make him Lord Stansgate again so he can burble off to the Garrick and waffle away his days amongst his own class, where he belongs.

Vice research isn't cheap, as our sturdy Member peels off a roll of tens to a willing informant

Mind you – can't blame him for leaving the upper classes when he did. It was a very sane action, as I see it. He saw the age of the common man on its way and thought it sensible to join the revolutionaries, preferably as their leader. What better way is there to keep your head, the family business, the big house and all, come the revolution?

It's certainly what *I* intend to do. And, for that reason I have always seen Tony as symbolic of the true aristocrat's ability to adapt and stay on top.

Mind you, I think that danger's over now.

I said as much to Tone when I met him in the corridor. He flew into a tantrum, though, and seemed the very model of revolutionary sincerity. Have I been overestimating his intelligence, I wonder? Maybe he's just as big an (exdel) as he seems.

Hope you're having a lovely time in Bangkok, Tits: do visit a massage parlour and learn all their tricks. I've been reading an interview with a chap called Waugh, and he says the Thais are the limit! File the bit on Tony with the other portraits of friends and (exdels)! – Piggy.

I think I have finally arrived as a politician. I've been invited to an end-of-term thrash at Lord Cardamon's place. Apparently only a few hand-picked politicians are going. It's very exclusive. I'm sure Margaret will be there, which will be delightful. We have hardly spoken since that frightful row at Bournemouth, and I hope we can make up. She is, after all, a fascinating, sexy, little woman.

Tuesday:

Well, Margaret *wasn't* there, Tits, and a (exdel) good thing, too. Seems I haven't arrived as a politician after all, though I have made something of a reputation as a sex-crazed oaf. Oh, well – won't do me any harm in the Parliamentary Party, I suppose.

Great ugly Victorian job in the wilds of Surrey, Cardamon's place. Sodding great long drive hedge-to-hedge with Royces! Butler at the door takes your coat and gives you a woman!

Whole lot of girls in the lobby, naked except for loin clothes, with chains dangling from their wrists. A footman takes your name and number, the butler chains a girl to your wrist and you're off.

They made a great fuss about what party I belonged to. "Labour, Tory or SDP?" He asked. I said "Ernest Pilbeam," and he gave me this tiny little Chinese girl with a lovely smile and tiny tits. I didn't like to complain, but I asked about the party business. Apparently each party likes different types of woman. The Labour lot go in for huge girls, Irish or jet black, with dominant personalities. The Tories like little giggly soft ones, very keen on Indians and Chinkies, I gather. The Alliance are just given what's left, as they can never make up their minds about anything.

I asked if he had a couple dressed like nuns for the Irish MPs, but he said no Irish member had ever been invited. Beyond the pale, apparently.

Off to the sauna first for the old warm oil and deft digit bit. And was that girl well-named! Mai Ling certainly understood my thing!

When you type this up, leave out the jokes, Titsy. It doesn't do for a Tory to be seen to be flippant about sex.

Then into the ballroom, where some lovely girls were dancing around and a number of honourable members lounged around in towels, each with a couch of his own, and his hand maiden stimulating his senses with champagne, fish eggs and various female wiles.

All drunk. All talking shop. It reminded me of the House of Lords in a way, except that many of the great bores found that having a girl sitting on one's face rather restricts debate.

One amusing thing. A newish Labour member was in a frightful state. He kept yelling he was a homosexual (although judging by the angle of his towel it seemed mere wishful thinking). His big black girl thought the same. She kept laughing at him and disappearing under his towel with a naughty smile on her face.

He quietened down after a few nibbles and was cured of the shirt-lifting *very* quickly.

You know, I think these buggers just *pretend* to be queer so they can get selected by the faggots and dykes on their committees. Our lot, of course, have to pretend *not* to be!

Odd business, politics.

Very odd. When I went for a pee I found that (exdel) Emtic – who is so vocal about female equality, sexism and racism in the House – taking a wee beside me.

The hypocritical (exdel) had his little black girl kneeling between his legs pointing percy at the porcelain for him. I ask you!

I asked him how close he felt we were to a non-sexist, non-racist Britain. He spluttered, and she giggled so much he peed all over his shoes. Serves him left, I say.

On the way back, I heard a thwacking sound from the library. Found one of our own peers bent over a lectern, having his bum whacked with a copy of the *New Statesman*!

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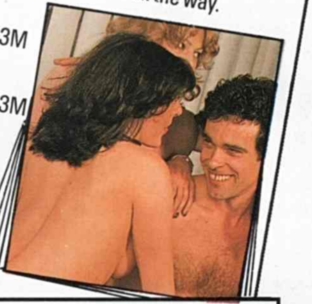

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Guilt complex. He was begging forgiveness of his girl for being white and rich and important. Stupid, really, because he was with that Boer girl – you know, Cindy whatshecalled. Biggest racist outside Pretoria!

That book I was talking of writing, about the effect of sexual desire on political policy. Keep me up to it, Tits, there's a blockbuster there. A goldmine.

Well I'm no prude (as you well know), but I *didn't* like the smell of the place. Just for a joke, I turned off the lights and yelled: "Nobody move, this is a police raid!"

I didn't expect the silly (exdels) to go jumping out of the (exdel) windows! Mainly Labour types doing the jumping. Which was just as well, because they were chained to large, strong women who refused to follow. Left dangling by their wrists over the moat, they were. The daftest sight was the two Alliance members – that stupid Liberal fellow and the SDP wallah with the bad breath. They'd chained themselves together as a show of solidarity. Jumped through different windows and ended up dangling together like two old (exdels) in a scrotum. They were still arguing about who had taken the true centre sash as I tiptoed down the drive.

Had to go, anyway, as I have a meeting in the constituency tonight. Am dictating this in the car, which is why it sounds so . . . get over into your own lane, you stupid (exdel)!

Funny thing: a whole car full of drunken hacks from the Pilbeam Press have just swerved around me going towards the Hall. I wonder who tipped them off.

Tits, when you type this up, no speculation on who might have done, please. It would be a disaster if this diary ever got into the wrong hands. Leave out the rude bits – Piggy.

Wednesday:

Funny old meeting down in the constituency. It seems our cheery Council Leader Red Len has bought up a house in plush Parkwood Hill (*you know – where Dr and Mrs Dale used to live, Titsy*) and proposes to turn it into a Gay Recreation Area: right in the middle of those £50,000 a year City types and their trendy wives. All so Liberal and SDP when I call round for their vote, but howling blue murder at the thought of muff-divers and shirt-lifters moving in next door.

I think it's (exdel) funny of Len, but daren't say so. I don't know what I can do. I don't object to the faggots as such. I never thought they should be stoned or banged up for it. It was just when they took legalization as a sign that they should receive government grants for it and could teach the kids that bum-scuttling is a normal expression of affection amongst human beings that I blew my top.

Anyway, I'm damned if I see why Len should use money he's ripped off business (like the Pilbeam Press) to buy votes from pansies.

On the other hand, if I speak against it, he'll just do it quicker. We're still at loggerheads over my printing plant next door to his house. Keeps him awake all night when we're printing the *Thames Marsh Free Press*.

I keep telling him I'm moving the paper to Wapping just as soon as his lot give me planning permission to build offices on the site. But the (exdel) would rather trip over the bags under his eyes and break his neck than let me make a farthing.

One hand to take care of the Press, while the other crawls down for the Piece Talks

Funniest thing, though, was me! What a (exdel)! I forgot I'd still got a topless and nigh-on bottomless Chinese girl chained to my wrist until I parked outside the church hall (damn inscrutable, these Chinese, and not lippy either).

Luckily there was a demo outside: all the homeless people that old Len refuses to house because of "government cuts" and keeps in rat-infested bedsits to fuel the campaign, although there's empty council property all over the borough. Take Parkwood Hill!

The demo gave us a little time to think. Luckily there was a fur coat of yours in the back and we found that if Mai Ling put it on, most of the chain would be hidden up the sleeve and we could *sort* of walk, if I kept my wrist close to the hem of her coat. Which meant stooping a bit, but we managed. Some hack did ask me why we were standing so close together so I told him she was my Siamese twin!

(Memo to Smithson on the *Thames Marsh Free Press*. Memo Reads: Sack Barker.)

Well, we sweated through that meeting. But I had the inkling of an idea, so I'd had most of the demonstrators from outside allowed in for the occasion.

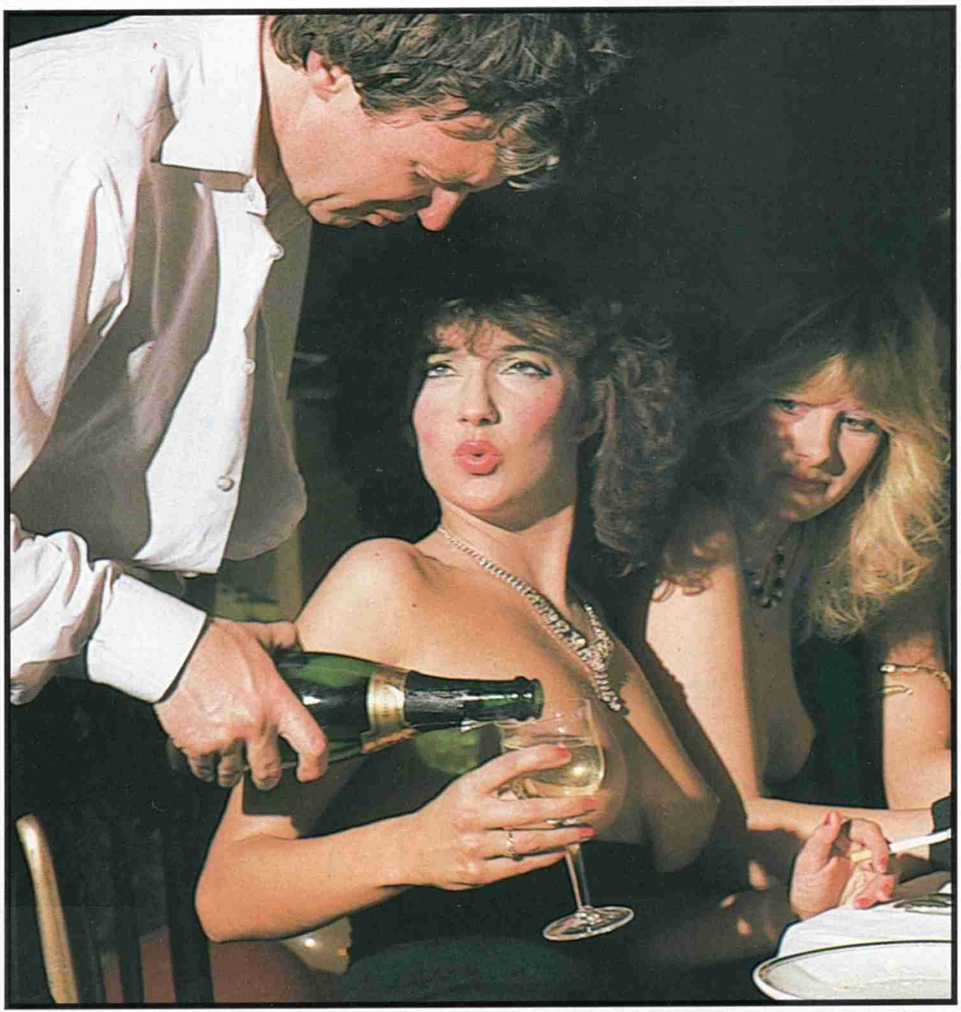
After the worried rich had had their say, and Len had had his gloating little laugh at their expense, I made a small suggestion of my own.

Said it was absurd to use a dwelling house for a Recreation Centre when so many were homeless. Suggested Len use it to help the homeless (vast cheers from the back). Then I generously proposed giving the *Free Press* works over to the gays.

It was, anyway, more suited to be a Recreation Centre than 51 Parkwood Hill (vast cheers, of course, from the assembled rich).

Poor old Len wriggled and puffed, but he was a bit short of ideas. Said there might be planning objections.

I said I doubted that, as the only neighbour within earshot of my works was the man who had suggested the Gay Recreation Centre, the Leader of the council. Good old



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Peter and Milly. (Surrey).

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Nigel had been working late most nights as a Computer Programmer. I'd nearly given up hope when he answered the phone that week-end ... We met, and thanks to Datalink, were married on April 4th.

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Red Len!!

Lots of cheers and laughter. I got up to acknowledge the applause and almost dislocated Mai Ling's shoulder!

In the silence, the hacks wanted to know what the hell. Mai Ling said she had chained herself to me to protest against government policy on Hong Kong (very good with their tongues, these Chinese).

Thursday:

Extraordinary morning. Margaret was on the phone first thing to bollock me about criticising her Hong Kong settlement.

"Listen lovey," I said. "I wasn't the chainer, I was the chainee. Think of me as the railings outside Number 10."

She said something to the effect that she'd preferred to think of me *impaled* on the railings outside Number 10. I called her a silly old (exdel) and she flung her phone through the window. But not before she'd called me to her room for a "chat". Uggh!

I arrived in the headmistress's study at 10 sharp, but the place was empty. Then the phone rang and it was Maggs. She'd been delayed. And, anyway, she didn't want to speak to me, or see me, ever again.

That was a godsend, as I had this very pretty girl up from the constituency. I'd been showing her around the House, and she'd demanded we (exdel) on the Speaker's Chair. Said she'd always wanted to be laid before the House!

Well, one has to draw the line *somewhere*. But the PM's office; that was naughty enough, and hardly strikes at the roots of Parliamentary Democracy.

So we got under Maggie's desk and were fairly set-to, when the door opened and a pair of sensible female brogues came in.

Hardly had we turned to stone when the door banged open and a male voice yelled: "Flashed you, flashed you . . . Oh!"

"Wrong lady, I think," said a female voice. "Oh, don't worry, I won't charge you – the case would be thrown out for lack of evidence. So put that ridiculous little thing away, dear, and sod orf!"

A pair of hairy ankles in short socks with suspenders passed my nose.

"And vote Tory next time," shouted the female voice. "If your lot gets in, you won't even be able to afford the Mac."

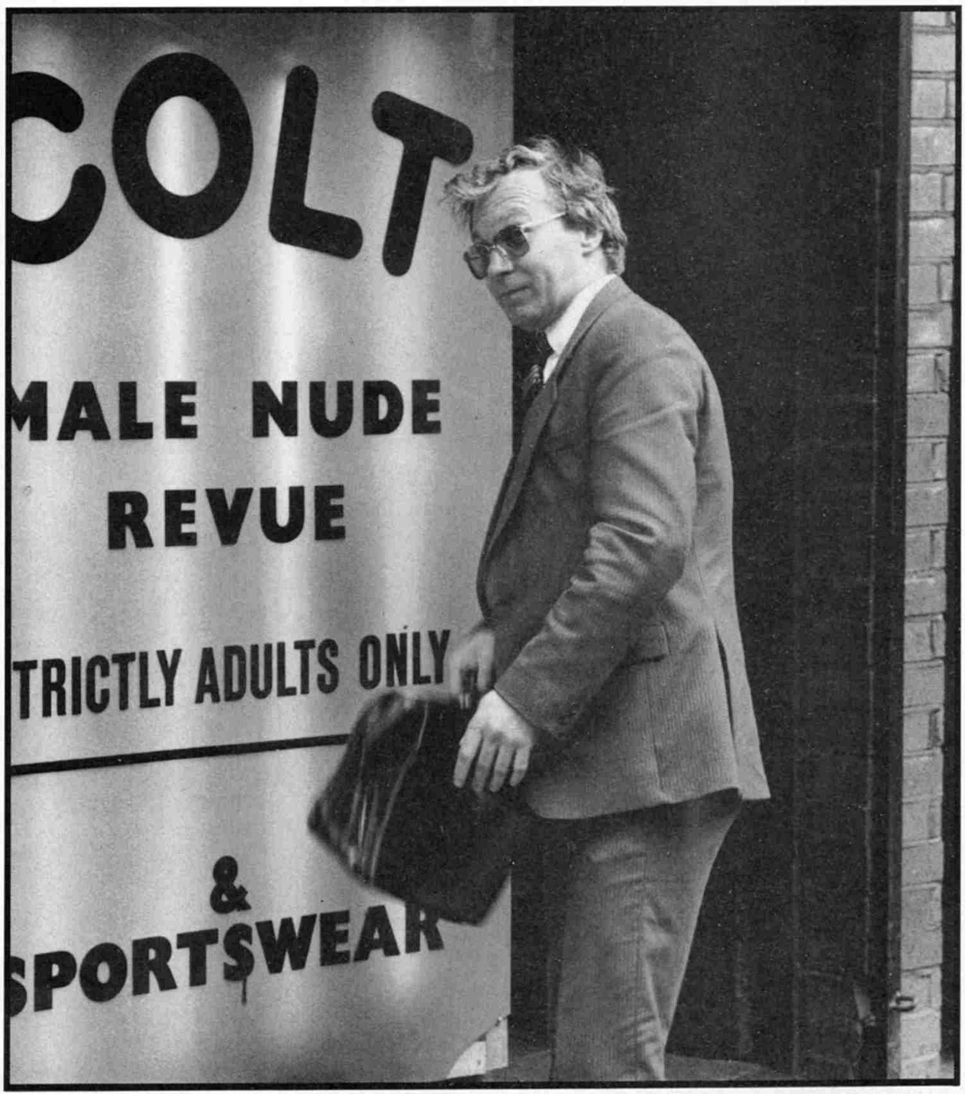
Funny, Tits, I nearly (exdelled) myself. I wonder who they could be?

○ ○ ○

On the PM programme with Red Len and Robin Day about the Faggot Fun Factory. Len has had time to think. He was going on about inspecting the works and putting the findings to the safety committee and so on and on.

In other words, he was going to get the works condemned as unfit for gays.

Thought he might. So I'd been on the phone late last night. The chief pouf of the Society of Shirtlifters and Allied Benders, or whatever they call themselves, has accepted my offer. The machinery is out, and, as I was able to tell Len, the place will open with a drag ball this very night – with a drinks extension till 4am!



A case of locking the briefcase after the horse has colted, or Pilbeam on shirt-lifting sportswear

He looked murderous. You know, I think Len is scared of homosexuals! Well what an (exdel) turn-up!

The more he welcomed the deal (as he had to), the more I knew he was *petrified* of them.

The party goes ahead. I'm not going. But poor old Len has to.

I heard him give his speech on the radio just now on Gay rights and declare the place open. Meanwhile, I'm just lying here doing Mai Ling.

Friday:

A tragic day for Red Len. The poor little (exdel) ran out on the faggots last night, terrified. He rushed to the Town Hall and slept in his office. Some hacks are saying he's left his house and is trying to jump the housing list to get away from them.

Of course, he's *saying* he was just testing the system. I got the (exdel) on the phone and made him an offer he couldn't refuse. If he got his chaps to condemn the works, I'd pull the place down right away and build nice quiet offices without a homo for miles.

He said that seemed quite reasonable, seeing the demand for office space was so great in the borough. And it would bring much needed employment.

As Chuck Colson said: "When you've got them by the balls, their hearts and minds will follow!"

I'm sad to lose the old *Free Press* building. It was the first plant I bought in London, just 23 years ago. But it's on its last legs.

Still, I thought we'd have a party to see it off. Just a few of the lads, a few girls and a crate or two of champagne. I invited Len. And he came. In fact he came a lot. He really made a pig of himself with the ladies – trying to prove something to himself, I guess. Pity you weren't back, Titsy: you always fancied him.

We were hard at it when the lights went up and three men rushed in saying they were from the *News of the World*. Flash lights popping, the lot. Well, they didn't fool me! I mean when the *News of the World* reporter speaks, you can't understand what he says for his whining middle-class accent.

This was old Etonian . . . Lord Cardamon and some friends out to pay me back for ruining his do.

Funny thing, though – a couple of chaps I thought were with Len jumped up. "No you're (exdel) not with the *World*," they said, "*we* (exdel) are!" And a fight ensued, during which Len and I confiscated all cameras and tape recorders.

They were still punching each other as we went out of the door. It was already dawn. So I just sent the bulldozers in.

Goodbye, Free Press House.

Saturday:

Amazing revelation in the House yesterday. Our new lady Minister bar one was talking about tax incentives to the British clothing industry. She was pouring scorn on the "special case" argument.

"I quite understand that it might be an advantage to a certain kind of man to have less tax to pay on a certain kind of Mac," she said, "but . . ."

And an Honourable Member on the opposite Front Bench blushed crimson.

Guess who, Titsypoohs! ♣

LIFE WITH Linzi

Photographs by Paul Diamond and John Copthorne

LINZI DREW, one of the sexiest and most photographed models in the world, writes exclusively in *Club International*...

This month, I should have been presenting you with the sensational *Life with Linzi* jelly wrestling extravaganza. Well, chaps, unfortunately we had a slight, er, technical hitch... The jelly wouldn't set! Now, I know you wouldn't want to see myself and my glamorous mates swimming around in this swishy red liquid, looking like victims of some gory massacre, so we had to come up with a compromise. As such, I now proudly present for you the porridge wrestlers getting their oats!

Actually, writhing around in porridge wasn't all that bad – in fact, it felt all warm and nice; sort of like an all-over face and bodypack (marvellous for the skin). The only problem was that, at such short notice, we could only purchase a dozen jumbo-sized boxes of a chocolate-flavoured porridge-type stuff. And, to be perfectly honest, it reminded me of one gigantic cow pat!

Still, once we were in the pool of "porridge", we were sliding around all over the place and getting down to it. I completely forgot how revolting it looked, especially as it smelled so delicious. *Razzle's* Marie Harper and I were the first to brave the lumpy oats in our slinky sheer leotards, which we soon disposed of. I got Marie into a mean-looking wrestling hold and spread her legs slightly.

As Marie and I got to grips with each other, I couldn't help having a fit of giggles when I manoeuvred her into a compromising position: she had so much porridge round her ass, she looked like a giant chocolate teddy!

I cleared some of it from her. But, honestly, chaps, I really was expecting to be getting into some nice tight clinches and wrestling in *jelly*, not prising porridge from Miss Harper's delightful puss. Not that I'm complaining, of course!

As soon as I started scraping handfuls of porridge from Marie's nether regions, she creased up laughing, enabling me to force a surprise submission. Three cheers all round!

Mind you, that meant our bout had finished. We could now have a good laugh at the other contestants, Ruth and Sheree, who were obviously raring to go. They were having problems just getting into the paddling pool of porridge: Marie and I had made so much mess getting out, there were lumps of it all over the place, making everything really slippery.

I'm not really too sure who was the winner of their bout, as both of them were so covered in chocolate-flavoured oats, they literally couldn't get hold of each other to complete a pin fall or a submission. So they took the easy way out and just chucked it at one another!

Main Bout

There then followed the main bout of the event – the big free-for-all wrestle. The four of us clambered back into the stodge. We looked like four giant gingerbread men with tits and blonde hair. Unsure of who should wrestle who, I grabbed the first leg I saw and started sliding around, holding on to it. The leg belonged to Sheree. To stop herself going under, she grabbed hold of one of Marie's tits. Marie retaliated by sloshing Ruth (who was quietly minding her own business) right in the eye with a large blob of porridge.

Ruth suddenly turned into an Incredible Hulk-type character and went absolutely berserk, which had a very weird effect on the rest of us: we *all* went absolutely crazy! This involved beating our chests (ouch!) and grabbing hold of tits, legs, asses and anything else we could actually manage to keep hold of. When everything got so slippery we couldn't hold on to each other, we just started lobbing huge lumps of porridge through the air. I noticed how the Ed and the photographers beat a hasty retreat to the corner of the studio at this point

in the competition...

Mind you, they got their come-uppance later – they had to stay and clear it all up. Us girls were far too busy washing the sticky porridge off of all our important little places (you know, it's amazing how much porridge you can cram into your ears!).

Once we were all clean again, we went home exhausted, leaving the guys with the mess. I wonder if any of us on that shoot will ever fancy porridge for breakfast again?

Still, this month I've been getting my oats by means other than wrestling in the stuff. Last week I met this gorgeous actor at a TV commercial casting. Although I don't think I got the job, I certainly was on the job within an hour of leaving the audition!

My dreamboat actor, Justin, who isn't particularly well-known (although he should be, judging by his superb performances), took me back for coffee to his studio flat in the West End. Now, the thing about studio flats is that they are just one big room which serves as a bedroom and a lounge. So, of course, the easiest thing to sit on to drink our coffee was the large, unmade bed.

Thrust Hard

Justin lay back on the bed and propped his head up on his hands. This stretching movement made his T-shirt pop out of his jeans, revealing his deliciously hairy belly. I couldn't resist leaning over and stroking it, following the line of hairs downwards to his thick batch of pubic hair.

I unzipped his jeans and kneeled over him, my tongue following that same line of black hairs from his belly button to his cock. It was swelling nicely, as I took it in both hands and slowly moved my tongue up and down it. I eased off his jeans and kneeled on the floor between his legs and began to rub my tits over his rock-hard erection. He sat up and began to thrust hard between my large tits as I squeezed them tightly together.

"I want to taste you," he gasped. He swivelled me around until we were in a 69 position, with him on top. He parted my wet pussy lips with his tongue and slowly started to lick and suck me. I was gobbling away happily on his cock, which seemed to get him more and more excited. His tongue began to flick furiously around my hot, twitching clitoris, while two of his fingers thrust in and out of my wet slit.

I really fancied some cock in my little honeypot, so I decided a bit of dirty talking might just do the trick. I took his engorged knob from between my lips and said huskily: "My cunt is so wet, Justin: how would you like to ram your thick cock deep inside me?" I turned around and kneeled on all fours in front of him, pulling open my pussy lips as I thrust my ass in the air. "Come on, baby – my pussy is so hot and wet, waiting for you," I whispered, fingering my clitty, while Jason looked on, slowly wanking himself.

The suspense was killing me as he moved his shaft head towards my eager pussy. He slid it in as deep as possible. As I cried out in pleasure, he began to move it gently in and out. "Fuck me nice and hard, eh?" I murmured. And he really did begin to give it to me good and hard. "Your cunt feels so warm, I'm gonna shoot my juice any minute," Justin grunted between thrusts.

I was floating away on cloud nine, reaching the big O, when I felt Justin's hot spunk fill me up. I collapsed on the bed with a severe attack of the knee-trembles.

"Wow!" said Justin, "That was nice. Let's have a bath!"

The energetic bastard can run it, I thought as I lay there exhausted. Smiling sweetly, I said: "Mmm, baby; you go and run it while I get my breath back."

Justin ran a lovely, hot bath. We climbed in, and he washed me all over, dried me and powdered me down. He then suggested having some lunch, so we set off to an Italian restaurant just around the corner from his flat.

The pasta was good, but the most exciting thing about the lunch was the way his hands kept disappearing under the table to touch me. His long, slim fingers moved along the tops of my thighs, brushing against my lips. Then he slowly inserted a finger into my sopping-wet cunt.

I could hardly eat a thing – I just wanted to feel his tongue on my clit again. We hurriedly paid the bill and ran all the way back to his place for a really ecstatic screw. Far better than the first one! They say practice makes perfect, so that is exactly what we did – practice!

Well, chaps, that's about all I've got room for again. But you still have my letters to read on page 31, after you've had your fill of the outrageous pictures on the following pages.

You know, after telling you all about my divine all-day screwing session, I'm feeling incredibly horny again. I wonder if Justin will be at home? I think I'll give him a call and try my luck again... So fingers crossed for me, fellas!

Linzi

Linzi's club Event

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Please print clearly.

Dear Fiona, please send me the items below under plain cover. I am over 18.

☐ 1 hour sample video featuring several girls £15 VHS/BETA
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☐ 3 hour sample video featuring lots of girls £40 VHS/BETA
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☐ 1 hour video of **Susie** £15 VHS/BETA
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☐ 1 hour video of **Trisha** £15 VHS/BETA
☐ 1 hour video of **Chloe** £15 VHS/BETA
☐ 5 different 1 hour videos £60 VHS/BETA
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MAG CODE CI

Letters to Linzi

Dear Linzi,
I'm disabled and confined to a wheelchair. I don't tell you that in order to obtain sympathy – quite the opposite, in fact. I lead a very active life, and just love women. I meet a lot of girls, and I have a lot of success with the ones I do meet.

Maybe I do have to work harder than the average bloke in order to "score", but this isn't a bad thing in my view: it's taught me to really respect every aspect of femininity and to appreciate women for what they are – the most wonderful things in the universe.

I started buying Club International about six months ago, after a friend brought me a copy. I thought it was very good, and your feature is definitely one of the best things about it.

I was so impressed, I bought a few extra issues from your back issues department; and I noted from some of these that several men have written to you to compliment you on your bare feet.

Well, I am an unashamed lover of female feet, and I'd like to add my voice to everyone who's asked you to go barefoot in more of your picture sets. I would say that, in many years of girl-watching, you have *the* most beautiful feet I've seen in my life.

I was particularly pleased that, when you did your sexy dance in the TV programme *Hold The Back Page*, you chose to dance barefoot – good girl! You must have given a lot of pleasure to a lot of men. Many girls would have chosen to wear high-heeled shoes, but you knew your feet were good enough to look good in all their seductive glory.

I shall be looking out for a repeat showing of that series so I can capture your wonderful display on video.

Tony, Bedfordshire

You'll be glad to hear I fully intend making sure my feet have their fair share of exposure in future issues of Club, Tony. In the meantime, keep on being happy and take care of yourself.

Dear Linzi,
My wife often works nights, leaving me – as an oversexed male – with just my fantasies and my right hand to keep me company.

Sometimes I have wet dreams about you. On each occasion I've been dressed in your panties, with you rubbing me through them before taking me in your mouth. The dreams felt so real, I just had to tell the wife. Much to my surprise, the next night she was at home, she suggested I might like to try *her* panties on the next time she was at work. However, she asked me to put them on straight away so she could see how sexy I looked.

She asked me how I knew the panties in my dream were supposed to be yours. I told her you started off by wearing them yourself, then slowly rubbing your wet clit through them until you came.

Without delay, my wife slipped off her wet skirt and stood there in her stockings and her best silk panties, which I could see were already quite damp. She led me into the bedroom, saying: "I want you to pretend I'm Linzi – tell me if she did *this* the same way..."

At that, she lay back on the bed and started to rub her tits. Then her hands went down over her belly and on to her panties. She suddenly started to pant and shiver, her hand pushing into her lovely, wet cunt.

She had one almighty orgasm and cried out as she came, her love juice spurting out the sides of her soaking panties. By this time I had my cock out and had started to wank myself while standing over her. She told me to stop, and to put on her wet panties.

You can't imagine how good they felt – so hot, wet and sticky. My wife tried to get my cock back inside them, but it was so hard, it was impossible. So she took my cock in her mouth and started to suck me with long, deep slurps.

I closed my eyes and shot my load into her eager, waiting mouth. But she didn't swallow. Instead, she blew it out into her panties – which I still had on. She then rubbed her hands into the spunk and took the panties off me. She rubbed them all over her tits and face, before taking them in her mouth and sucking hard, thus taking in both our love juices.

We rounded this off with a superb doggy-style fuck. After several hard minutes, we both came in buckets.

Afterwards, she told me I should have a good time on my own at nights from then on. And I certainly do! *JD, Harlow*

Sounds like you and your wife have a wonderful working relationship! The kinky little things we all get up to on our own take on new heights of pleasure when they're done with the full approval of one's partner...

Dear Linzi,
I've just bought my first copy of Club International, and I enjoyed it very much. I was very impressed with your photographs in particular.

I love the picture of you where you're naked on a chair, holding a drink in your hand. Your legs are wide open, meaning I can see your pussy opening clearly – great!

However, I have to admit I don't understand the folds of skin around your pussy, and I don't know what or where your clitoris is. Could you explain this a bit more to me, please? I'm over 18 and not a virgin, but I still don't really understand the female sex organ.

David, Aberystwyth

To explain the complexities of the female sex organ would take me all week, David! Briefly, the folds of skin are simply there to protect a girl's delicate pussy, and the clitoris – which is the only part of the human body designed purely to give pleasure, don't you know – is a little button which any man can find with a little exploration. And you'll soon know when you've found it – she'll moan like mad!

Dear Linzi,
Last year, at my request, you very kindly sent my boyfriend, Colin, a signed photo of yourself. He put it on his office wall, where it stayed until last week when someone nicked it. Since then, he has been in a right mood and hasn't given me a decent fuck for days. Please, please, Linzi, send him another piccy and I promise he'll keep it safe. Then we can get back to some real screwing.

Colin likes me to wear my tight faded jeans and T-shirt with no bra, and my long, blonde hair worn loose. A session usually starts off with long, deep, wet kisses. I then sit astride him and take off his shirt. Colin has a great hairy chest with only a single silver chain for decoration.

He sucks my tits, making my nipples hard and my cunt so wet. By this time we are both ready for a fuck, so all remaining clothes are discarded and I start to suck each of his balls and the underside of his shaft. I then dig my inch-long fingernails into his arse cheeks, and if he can avoid spurting his cream into my mouth, we then fuck doggy-style or any way we can.

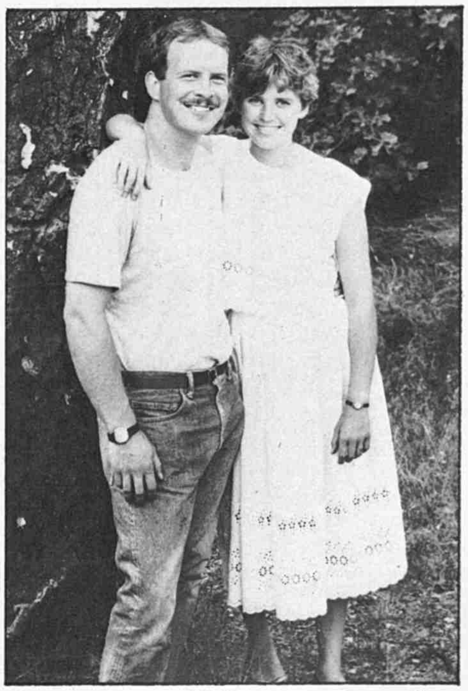
So you see, Linzi, I'm missing out due to the absence of your photo. My cunt needs his cock.

One last request. Please mention your long fingernails in *Life with Linzi*: Colin goes crazy for mine, and I try to use them in all of our fucking. He adores your nails as well as your tits, cunt and long legs. I know he enjoys a good wank when I'm not there. Please help a fellow randy lady. *Lesley, Coventry*

Sorry to hear that you're missing out on what sounds like some sensational screwing, Lesley. I'm only too happy to help out a lady in distress.

WOULD YOU HAVE THE COURAGE TO JOIN Dateline

-for friends, love or marriage?



Suzanne and Tim — engaged
'I thought Suzanne was too attractive to be a member of Dateline. I thought the only people who used dating agencies were the real lonely-hearts types, but not at all!'

Sue and Martin — married
Sue says: 'I met genuine men who honestly and truly wanted to meet new people as much as I did; who wanted to make friends, and have a good time — and I met Martin!'

Margaret and Louis — married
'When you meet other members of Dateline you know they have gone into it with the same attitude as yourself — they want to meet people. Some people think Dateline is cold but you are meeting men who have something in common with you, and quite frankly how else do you meet them?'

WHO JOINS DATELINE?

People just like you! Currently 2,000 people a month join Dateline, so you probably already know people who have used the Dateline service, or met through Dateline.

People who join Dateline come from all over the country — from farms, villages, market towns and cities. The problems of meeting people are not confined to any particular locality. The backgrounds and occupations of Dateline members are equally varied — MP's, surveyors, solicitors, engineers, doctors, journalists, teachers, secretaries, stockbrokers, nurses, chemists, receptionists, bus drivers and even zoo keepers. Loneliness is classless. What all Dateline members have in common is an optimistic, positive attitude in tackling the problem practically. Meeting someone special is difficult, but after that the romance is easy.

WHY?

If the disco is not for you, your friends are all married, you don't meet anyone through work, you have just moved to a new area, or you are newly single again — just where do you begin? There really are very few ways you can meet the kind of people you want to meet. Dateline is simply the most honest and realistic way of being introduced to a wide choice of compatible partners. It also saves a lot of wasted time and expense!

HOW DOES DATELINE WORK?

When you join Dateline you will complete a very comprehensive questionnaire, information from which will be confidentially locked into the memory of our computer; the matching process, in which your data is compared with every Dateline member of the opposite sex, will then begin. Finally the computer will have found the most compatible matches for you, and their details will be forwarded to you. You will also be matched to other compatible people living in your area, and they will contact you. And so, with your year's membership, a whole new social life begins.

IS DATELINE SUCCESSFUL?

Yes, in many different ways! Some people simply have a wonderful time, meeting as many new people as possible, sharing new interests, going out, just enjoying themselves. Some are looking for the companionship, the love and romance of one or two relationships, and others are looking for a special love with marriage in mind.

Many thousands of couples have met and married through Dateline, as the Dateline questionnaire is designed to match couples through many facets of physical type, personality and life-style; not just matching those who want to meet people similar to themselves, but those who also want to meet someone different. With Dateline you meet the people you want to meet, who also want to meet you.

If you would like to be one of the many thousands of people nationwide who have been enjoying a new social life, and finding love and happiness through Dateline, complete the simple questionnaire below. We will send you confidentially and completely free, full details about Dateline and how it works, and details of just one of the Dateline members who are compatible with you. Send to: ***Dateline Computer Dating, 23 Abingdon Rd., London W8.***

CONFIDENTIAL

FREE Computer Test to Find Your Ideal Partner.

START HERE

1 Do you consider yourself:

☐ Shy
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☐ Family type
☐ Clothes-conscious
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☐ Practical
☐ Intellectual

2 Indicate which activities and interests you enjoy by placing a '1' (one) in the appropriate box. If you dislike a particular activity, write a '0' (nought) in the box. If you have no preference, leave the column blank.

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☐ Good food
☐ Politics
☐ Classical music
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☐ 'Live' theatre
☐ Science or technology
☐ Creative writing/painting
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☐ History/Archaeology
☐ Conversation

■ **I am over seventeen and would like you to send me completely free and without obligation, a description of my ideal partner. Plus a free full colour brochure and lots more information about Dateline. I enclose two first class stamps.**

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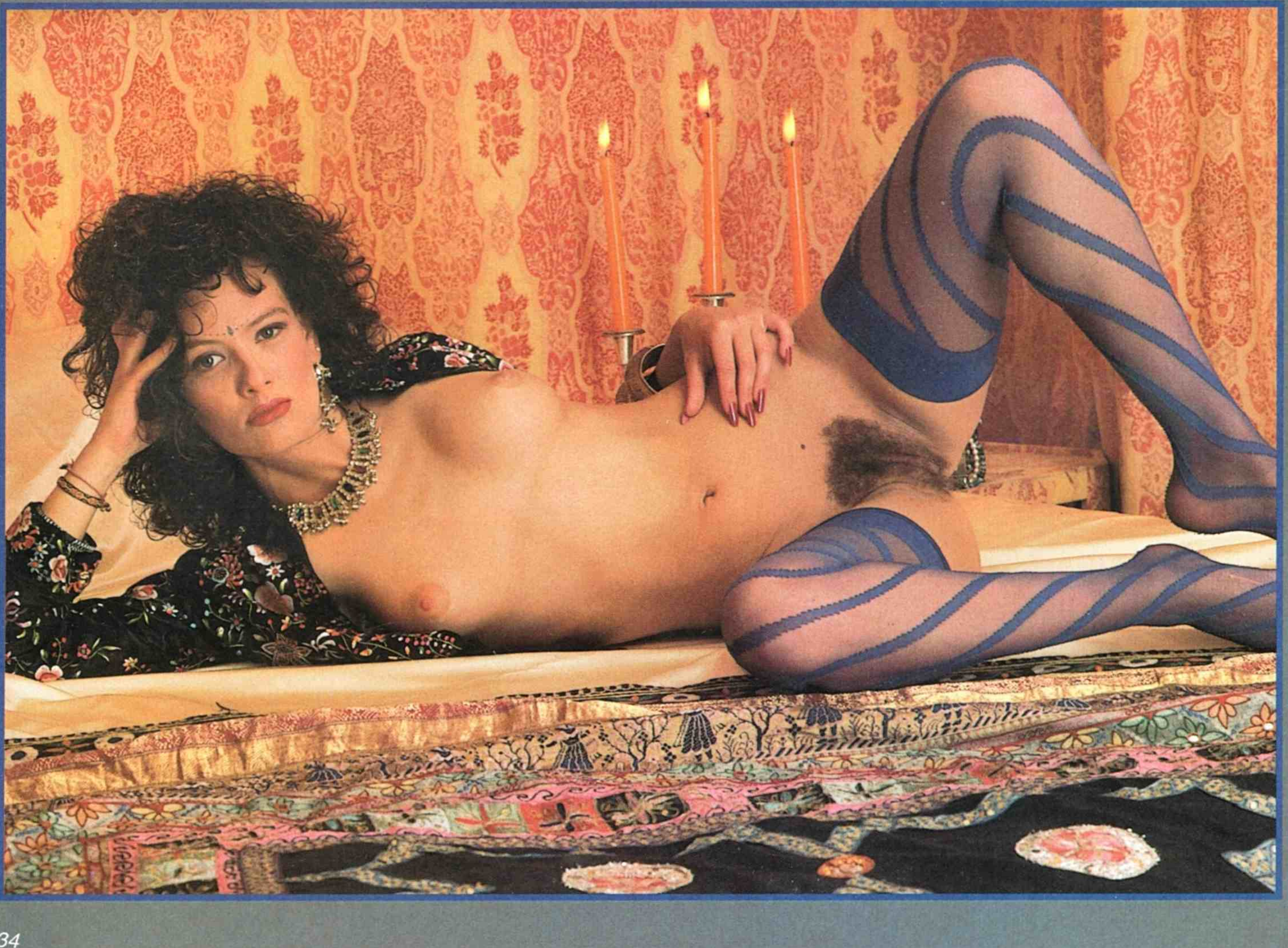
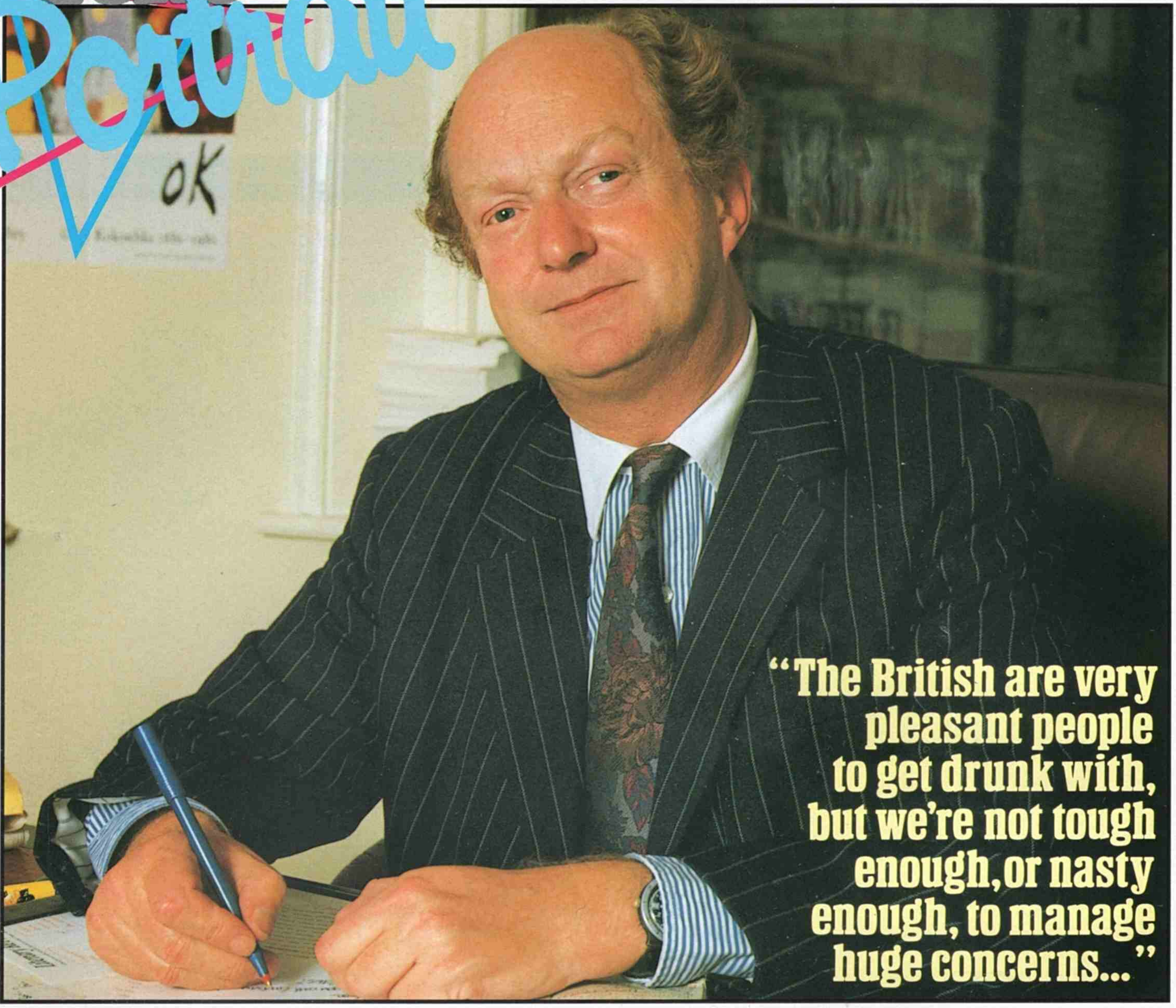
Dateline

Photographs by Serge Jacques

Chloe





"The British are very pleasant people to get drunk with, but we're not tough enough, or nasty enough, to manage huge concerns..."

Photographs by Charles Haydn

Tym Manley talks to Auberon Waugh

Do you genuinely feel that Auberon Waugh should be burnt at the stake? This is one of the burning issues of liberal thought. How they loathe the man; the feminists, the egalitarians, the gay social workers of what one might call The *Guardianista* faction.

There was a piece on him in the *Guardian* the day we met; one of those rather comic efforts that feminists tend to produce, which start by saying some man is insignificant and then work up into such a lather you feel it must end by calling for the tumbrils. Strange that such fury should be the wage of insignificance.

And all this because, although he says there is nothing to be done about what he sees as the Proling of Britain, he has done quite a bit. He has raised a stink in the *Spectator*, the *New Statesman*, the *Telegraph* and, of course, *Private Eye* over the years. Comforting the enemy and attacking some (although by no means all) of the sacred cows of Guardianista thought – not only with the sharp sword of satire, which decapitates yet leaves the head in place, but also with the bludgeon of irony, insult and brutal ridicule. And, because he is terribly logical at times and the progressive case largely emotional, he has left smouldering arrows in many a bandwagon.

Worse, those of the left, centre-left and centre-right, can't get their hands on him, because he attacks from behind many layers of camouflage. He writes in caricature sometimes. Some bits are not to be taken seriously, some are. Which, when, and where is the real Waugh hiding?

Outrageous

The dirtiest trick of all is his refusal to *advocate* anything that they can understand, pigeonhole or attack themselves. For what it's worth, I think he enjoys the creative performance of producing a truly watertight, outrageous attack, but perhaps off stage rather regrets some of the more violent things. Clearly, he does not approve of woolly thoughts, sacred cows and the craving for power. Once he discovers them, he is quite merciless. All the same, he likes to portray himself as a working journalist, hamming up his views a bit to make them interesting, but giving his honest opinion. Although "a little bit of baiting goes on, yes."

Here are a few examples of "a little bit of baiting" from his *Spectator* articles just collected in *Another Voice*, an alternative anatomy of Britain and published by Sidgwick & Jackson at £9.95: **Of modern Britain** Waugh growls about the "grisly spectre of modern Britain now reduced by over-emphasis on social welfare and 'workers'' rights to a nation of unemployable, semi-imbecile football hooligans." **Of Shirley Williams** he swears that "as long as there is breath in my body I shall seek to punish, torment, humiliate and ridicule this loathsome pig-headed woman for the damage she has done to her country."

For 15 years you have been using shock tactics on your readers that have made you cordially hated by wishy-washy liberals everywhere. Do you enjoy being disliked?

Am I hated? Certainly anyone who writes opinionated stuff is going to irritate people who disagree with him. Just occasionally you touch some particular button and your readers say: "Oh God! That's right! Terrific!" Then a couple of weeks later they'll say: "Who's this shit mouthing off this rubbish?" I have to accept that, it's part of my job.

But your stuff is not merely "opinionated". You deliberately go in with a sledgehammer to bang hell out of liberal sensibilities.

A little bit of baiting goes on, yes.

In Hampstead, where I live, you are considered the sort of man who might suggest, say, that black people are not all, necessarily, lovable.

I've never said that. Have I said that? What a *shocking* thing to say!

I don't think you've said anything of the sort, but your image is of someone who might just be that reckless. Do you delight in being beyond the pale?

Well that, of course, depends on which side of the pale you wish to be. I just churn out my stuff, and make a living from it, that's my business. And when you're writing opinionated articles, you've got to ham up your views a bit and present them more forcibly than you ever would in conversation.

Yes. But even so there's a difference between what you actually say and the image people have of you. The problem is, isn't it, that modern opinion comes in lumps. Offend against one article and you are instantly condemned.

Exactly. And when you suggested just now that I might have said blacks are horrible or something like that – no, that isn't part of my thing, in fact, but people assume it is because I don't agree with some aspects of welfarism and things like that.

In one article you say you were asked if you were a member of the National Front.

Yes, it seems there is a file on me in some Zionist headquarters. It derives from a joke I quoted in the *New Statesman* which caused a lot of trouble some years ago.

Idle Thinking

(Concerned readers might like to know what this disgraceful racial slur might be. It was a time-honoured joke.

Q: Why are pound notes green?

A: Because the Jews pick them before they're ripe).

It was supposed from that that you might be a secret admirer of Adolf Hitler?

Exactly. It's an interesting thing. A lady from the *Guardian* came to interview me the other day and she just could *not* get it out of her head that I was a terrific believer in "elitist education" or some such cock. I pointed out four or five times that it was not true. But she went and wrote it just the same.

This idea that there are only two or three lumps of opinion that anyone can hold seems very sloppy thinking and rather dangerous. How did it come about?

It's a natural function of people who need to belong to some group. They have to put other people into some group too. For example, some people like to portray the *Spectator* as written by a bunch of young fogeys, when in fact, it's written by an extremely disparate collection of drunks and hacks who just turn in the stuff.

Is it new, this desire for lumpen opinion?

No, it's just idle thinking, it's always existed.

Politically your image puts you far to the right. But reading your book, it seems your attitude is "a plague on all your houses".

Yes . . . and just keep away from me.

You're not fond of politicians?

Or the entire political urge. The power urge is really what worries me.

Unpleasant View

Getting back to what you actually say, you seem to attack anything that might be defended as "commonly held" opinion. Are you becoming heterodox by habit?

No. That's what everyone says – that I just say things to shock. And there's an element of truth in it, in that, if I find an opinion which I've always held being generally accepted, I automatically begin to see faults in it.

So you attack, to test whether what is "obviously true" stands up?

Exactly. But if you wish to take an unpleasant view of that you say "of course, Auberon Waugh, he'll say anything to shock". Which is what that cow does in the *Guardian* today.

And that is not true?

Well, as I say, there's an element of truth in it or one wouldn't mind it. Of course, if you're trying to write an interesting piece you do keep away from commonplace views.

You do say things that few other writers would dare say. The effect can be quite violent.

It's trying to stimulate rather than shock, really. Either you think your opinions are honest and not to be ashamed of or you don't. A lot of people have views they are ashamed of and therefore can't discuss. But if something occurs to you that you think worth saying, then I think an honest man says it.

Are you ever consciously playing the devil's advocate?

No. Because a devil's advocate is a perverse person who argues on what he knows to be wrong. Although it is quite true that, if I see two truths, I go for the more perverse of the two, perhaps.

You are usually fiendishly logical in argument, though.

Sometimes . . . sometimes . . .

I know you often start from quite odd premises, but once you start you proceed logically. And yet you do this while portraying a world in which no one really understands how to use logic, or language, come to that. Are you wasting your sweetness, or is this a sign that you have some hope?

No, not much hope, except for survival. I see life as a process of survival which means making your own little world and enjoying it. I have no interest in creating the new Jerusalem, none whatsoever. It's not my business. I'm not a politician.

I suspect that, as a man, you are probably more charitable and more vulnerable to the horrors of modern life than most of us.

Ye-ah, possibly. And also, living in the country in comparative calm and dignity, when you see what's happening outside, it's more of a shock than if you've been living in it. If I lived the whole time in a flat in Battersea, say, like my assistant here, I might be less shocked by the things that are happening.

You say in one article that you "begin to worry for my country". Do you genuinely fear for it?

Only when I think about it, and that's when I'm writing an article. At other times . . . well, one's thinking about what's for lunch.

One of the problems people have with your stuff is that you're obviously writing in character in one column and they're never sure if you are in the others. I'm thinking of the Private Eye Diary character in particular.

That was a particular character invented for the purpose which worked rather well.

Was it you?

Well, it was a sort of grotesque caricature . . . no, not me really. It was partly me and partly a sort of grotesque figure whom I happened to find rather amusing.

Did it come from the more splenetic tone of your father's diary?

Oddly enough it started before that. *The Waugh Diaries* were published about six months afterwards and may well have influenced some aspects of my stuff.

Is there something of the teacher in you?

No. Certainly not.

Not even the faintest desire to teach people that they should not swallow, unquestioningly, whatever it is fashionable to believe?

Well, I suppose I try to keep people on their toes and encourage them not to just accept what's given to them by television and newspapers. But no more than that.

I would say that's quite a lot.

Ye-ah. But just generally to imbue an air of scepticism and I think all journalists should do that.

Do you think your writings have had any effect at all upon anybody?

No. They've comforted some people who weren't happy at having to accept all the pap. They thought, a-ha, here's somebody else who doesn't accept it. A bit of comfort. It certainly hasn't influenced anybody.

And you'd prefer that it didn't?

I've no interest one way or the other.

But you spend your whole life doing it!

Yes, but it's an enjoyable way of making a living. Something I enjoy doing.

This interview will appear surrounded by naked ladies. How do you feel about that?

To tell you the truth, I'm not a close student of Club International. I've seen it once or twice. I used to be keen on *Penthouse*. But, I don't know, I'm not as interested in these magazines as I was ten years ago. Then they seemed to me a genuine implement towards some sort of liberation, but I don't think they are, really.

You don't see Club as part of the decay of British society as your godfather, Lord Longford, did at the time?

No. Not magazines. But when we used to get huge nude pictures up all over Soho I'd think: God, they *can't* turn you on when you're buying spaghetti or something, and I really didn't mind them being taken away. But I think these magazines have got a role to play although I no longer feel it's a very important or dignified role.

Lonely People

You don't think men's magazines do any good?

I don't think they do any harm. They might do some good letting a few lonely people jack it off.

I don't know about Club International; is it full of letters and confessions? All made up? I used to know the girl who made up the letters on *Penthouse*.

That's the typical media view of our magazines. We certainly don't make letters up. And the image of the reader as the lonely man in the outside lavatory is nonsense. The main sexual use of the magazines these days seems to be as an aphrodisiac.

In order to encourage middle-aged husbands to get it up.

(He laughs merrily. Mr Waugh finds the idea rather engaging).

There seems to have been a huge change in the readership in the last ten years. At one time all the letters were from men saying their wives weren't interested anymore. Now they say she wants it nine times a night while swinging from the chandelier, how can I keep up with her? Male sexual anxiety remains but it's shifted its basis. So we've changed. We're more humorous these days. And we tend to debunk the more absurd extremism of the sexual revolution.

That is the new wave. The latest thing is the, largely-woman-led, drive towards celibacy. You'll have seen the fuss about that Hodgkinson book published last week.

Do you think it'll catch on?

Well, there have always been people who are bored stiff by sex and worried by it and they're extremely grateful to be told it's quite normal to feel that way.

You are a great student of massage parlours, I gather?

I have been in my time.

Are Thai masseuses, as you have written, really that much better than the home grown article?

Oh, yes! I do recommend you to go to Bangkok when you can get a free ticket.

So your fact-finding trips to Thailand were genuine?

Oh, yes. Although I haven't been there since January of this year.

For the purposes of sexual research?

No, no! I went there with my dear wife. We had a charming time.

Now this is the problem with your devious writing style. I have been reading about your sexual research trips in Private Eye. And now I find they were genuine, although I was sure you were a highly moral Catholic Gentleman who made that all up to add spice to his column.

Well, I certainly wouldn't want to disabuse you of that! That was the persona of the *Private Eye* diarist – this sort of sexually powerful, lecherous and invariably successful figure. Well, that was, of course, entirely a figment of the imagination.

Are you sad he's come to an end, the Private Eye figure?

Not really. I was getting jolly bored with him after 12 years.

Why did you break up with the Eye?

Just boredom, and it was changing. I could see that Ingrams was leaving. The new crowd are alright, but it's much less cosy than it used to be.

I've been feeling lately that it isn't really doing very much.

The funnies are still good and that was the most important thing. I was never keen on the exposes and they were getting bloody awful. But they were getting self-important about them and taking on new staff.

Deadbeats

In the old days Paul Foot wrote the back pages entirely by himself. And the front section was done by one man as well. Nowadays they have young reporters on it who are all very ambitious young men, you know. Whereas the great thing was they were all deadbeats in the old days.

Of course there was no money in it then.

Exactly. Nor I think is there now. They were still paying me fuck-all when I left.

But it has become an accepted route into BBC quiz shows.

You mean for Hislop, the new editor. Yes.

A satirical magazine really ought, I think, turn against the government of the day. Is that how you see the history of Private Eye?

When it started it was fanatically anti-MacMillan, Hailsham, Brooke and the Tory establishment. Then, when Labour came in, it thought for a brief moment that this was the new Jerusalem, hooray, hooray! Then it saw the absurdity of Wilson. It was lucky to have someone like Paul Foot, who was a long way to the left of the Labour Government, because he kept it on its mettle.

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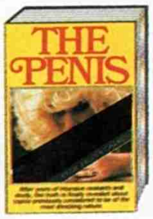

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Nowadays it's not angry any more. I think it's more Tory than anything.

Of your two opinion columns, the one on the Leader Page of the* Sunday Telegraph *is lighter in tone. It's the* Spectator *column in which you're most serious.

I quite like writing on the Leader Page, people read it. Writing for the *Spectator* is very nice but very few people see it. Most of my friends and most journalists read it but it's nice to be read by people outside.

The* Spectator *pieces seem deeply depressed.

Well, I think that's partly the fault of publishing them as a collection. The editor felt that the best pieces are the depressed and violent ones, and he's probably right. But if you read them one after another in the book they do seem a little bit violent.

Do you really see no hope for the 'New Britain'?

I think the best one can hope for is a gradual decline, nothing dramatic.

You see the people of this country as brutal, ignorant, lazy and greedy?

Not all of them, but those are the ones that, under capitalism and socialism, come out on top. Because capitalism is purely interested in finding the mass market for everything. Everything is geared for the mass market and that reduces everybody's choice, because everybody has some form of minority interest or other.

Minority Taste

Take this magazine, *The Literary Review*, which I edit. We try to cater to a minority taste but you can't get newsagents to take it because they won't sell enough copies to make it worthwhile.

That's capitalism. But socialism is even worse because that imposes. You've bloody well *got* to eat what the masses eat and if you eat anything else you're an enemy of the people.

So you see democracy as part of the problem?

Yes. Democracy, and the spread of wealth.

Do you think democracy should be swept away?

No, no. You can't do that because it's the only system with potential for producing a sane, decent, easy-going government. It would be quite alright if it didn't work so well, if you see what I mean. If it was the mild and agreeable form of government it used to be. But now people are learning to work it and it's producing rather nasty results.

So you prefer the sort of system we used to have, where we'd vote every five years but the same sort of people used to get in?

The same sort of school teachers – whether of left or right they were the same sort of people with very little to choose between them, really – were always in control and that was fine.

But nowadays you get these sodding little popularist figures – Jeffrey Archer's as bad as . . . who shall I say, not Benn, Benn's more sinister . . .

Ken Livingstone?

Ken's alright, actually. He never did anything really bad at the GLC except for building great towers for gays and things – and that's just a sort of hobby, isn't it?

Is there any hope for an equal, multi-racial society?

I don't see why there shouldn't be equal opportunities in a multi-racial society. Equal is rubbish because equality of that sort has to be imposed by a most appalling mechanism of oppression in order to stop people getting unequal.

The Welfare State is another of your targets.

Yes, when you wake up to the fact that the government is now spending £1,400 million a year, you must ask what the hell is it all on?

More Money

They say they must spend more money so that the poor and distressed should be better off. But it doesn't go to them. It goes to these huge armies of social workers, NHS administrators and such. If you give the government an extra £1,000 million, then perhaps £10 million of that will creep through to those who need it.

But we've had the Welfare State for a long time. It's a bit like prison, it institutionalises us. If we're used to being looked after from cradle to grave can we ever break ourselves of the habit?

Oh no, I don't think so. That's why one adopts this pose of dignified despair. Because I honestly don't think there's anything to be done about the decline of British Society.

While you're fulminating about the lowering of standards everywhere else, you still stand up for the freedom of the Press – one area where, it seems to me, standards really have fallen.

Oh, yes. Well, that's partly because I'm a journalist, of course – I think all attitudes start with self and go out from there. But also it does seem to me that once you've got a shackled press, the government can get away with anything at all.

I accept that, of course. But when I read the Sunday tabloids, they make me cry. I find it hard to associate the freedom of the Press with their freedom to continue pouring out such trash. Is that a good thing?

It isn't a good thing. It's part of the lowering down of everything. I do the books column in the *Daily Mail.* They used to be on page 7. Now they've got this awful Lord whatshisname – the ex-Electricians Union man – doing his sort of Glenda.Slag stuff on page 7 and the books are on page 24.

The tabloids don't even have British proprietors. One is an ex-Czech and the other an ex-Australian gone American.

It seems to me that the British aren't up to it. The *Telegraph's* just been sold to a Canadian and I'm sure it will go on. The British just aren't up to any of the commanding heights any more. We're very pleasant people to get drunk with, but we're not tough enough, or nasty enough, to manage huge concerns.

Were we?

In our time, certainly.

The people you knew in your youth, people in authority, were they of a higher calibre?

They were much tougher, you see. Much more brutal. It was a highly disciplined society which was kept in place by a sort of NCO class who really bullied and thrashed and swined their way through the workers and got them to do exactly what they wanted, deferring all the time to a sort of managerial class.

What's really collapsed now is the NCO class which no longer exists on the industrial scenes. And the managers are so *hopeless*! People ask for double wages and they say "that sounds like a good idea". They're so eager to ingratiate themselves with the workers.

It sounds as if you're describing a sort of depression on a national scale?

Ye-ah. Just a running out of that sense of self-righteousness which made people think it was quite right that they should earn 20 times what the workers earned. They've lost that.

Meanwhile a lot of the workers have lost their jobs. You suggested in one of your more violent moods that the government should supply them with narcotics to keep them happy and comatose.

I suggested that a few years ago. No, I've rather lost enthusiasm for that idea.

It seems the upper class takes all the drugs now.

I know. That's because they can no longer see any use for themselves. It's a sort of death wish, I'm sure of it.

When you were writing in the '70s many of the things you said were in Mrs Thatcher's mind also. But she seems to have failed to do much about them.

Well, she's jolly well knocked the unions for six. She's actually done a lot of the things she set out to do. What she's failed to do is inspire any sort of affection. One sees her as this bossy schoolmistress archetype and the fact that nobody really likes her, and some people really hate her, has rather taken the gilt off the gingerbread.

It's rather a modern idea that we should love our leaders.

It's a fact, though, that without some affection, it's impossible to bring any enthusiasm. It's so easy to say "bloody Thatcher".

A failure of leadership?

Something like that. Or just a failure to be liked, which isn't the same thing.

What I get from your book, and from reading your work over the years, is a strong sense of what you dislike. What do you like?

I like travel, good food and wine, pleasant people . . .

But what would you like to see happen socially? What changes would you advocate?

I'm absolutely not in the business of advocating change. That's a politician's thing. I want to see things change as little as possible. I quite like Britain as it is, but I see it threatened from every side.

You like it as it is now?

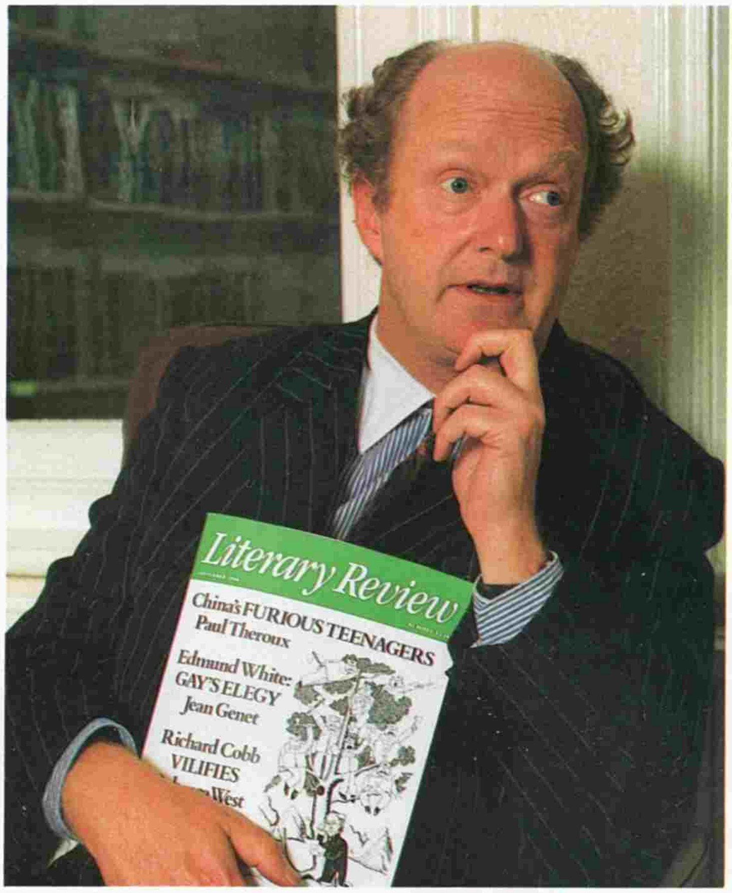
I'd sooner it were as it was ten years ago, or 20 years ago. Really I'm just against other people moving in to create their own ugliness and stink.

So you're against, rather than for?

Yes. (And he laughs heartily).

Isn't that rather a sad position to take?

Well, I certainly don't want to build any new Jerusalem. Do you? Do you want to build a new Jerusalem? Do you want to see an equal Society? Of course not! ♣



"I honestly don't think there's anything to be done about the decline of British Society . . ."

Donna

Photographs by Charles Haydn

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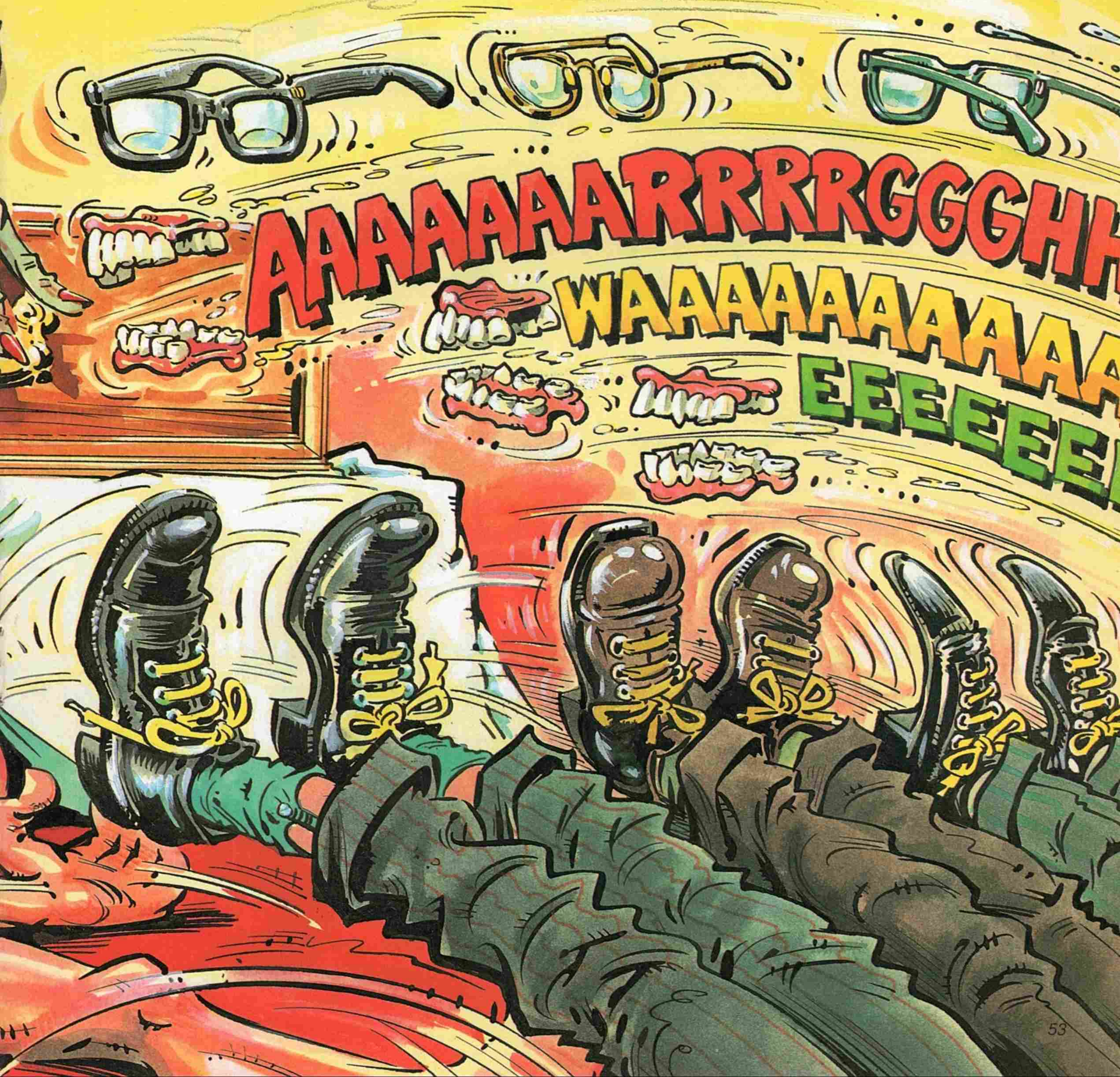

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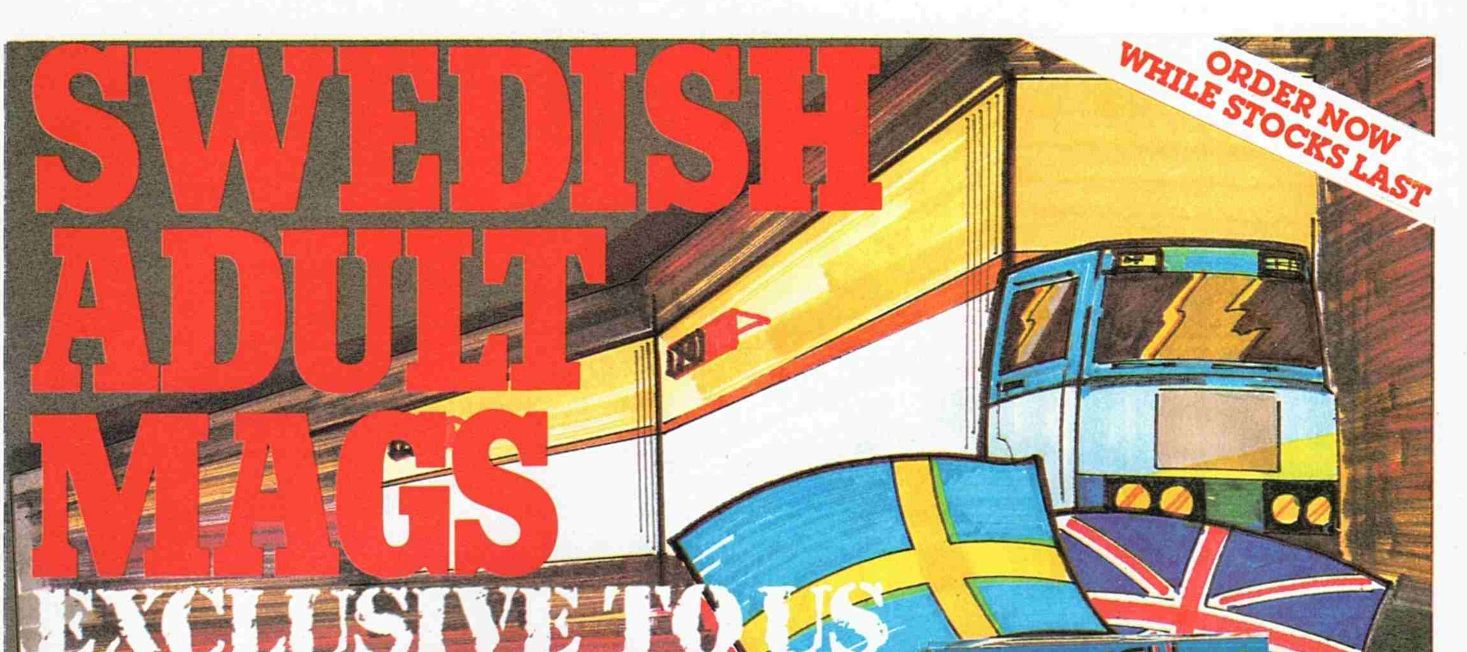

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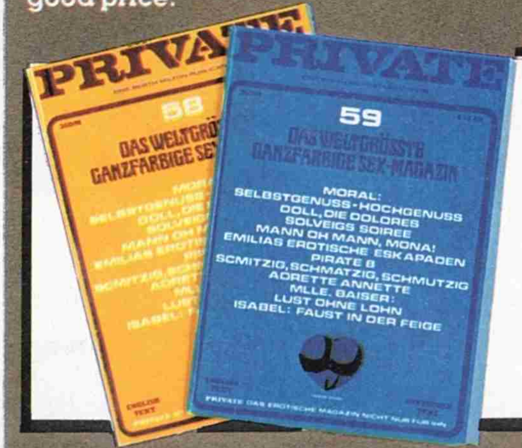

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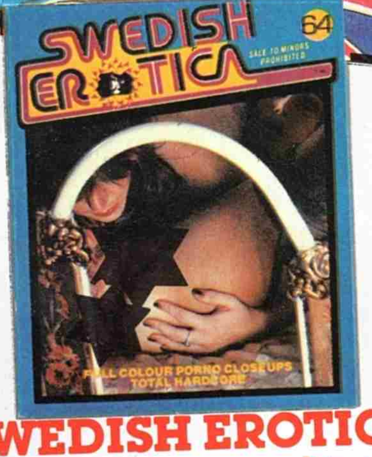

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HOORAY FOR HENRIETTA

"Oh, God! Thank you, God! You've answered my prayers! I knew you wouldn't fail me, dear, nice, cuddly old Goddy! WHOOPEE! THE MACKESON-SWILLING OLD MAGGOT HAS FINALLY SNUFFED IT!"

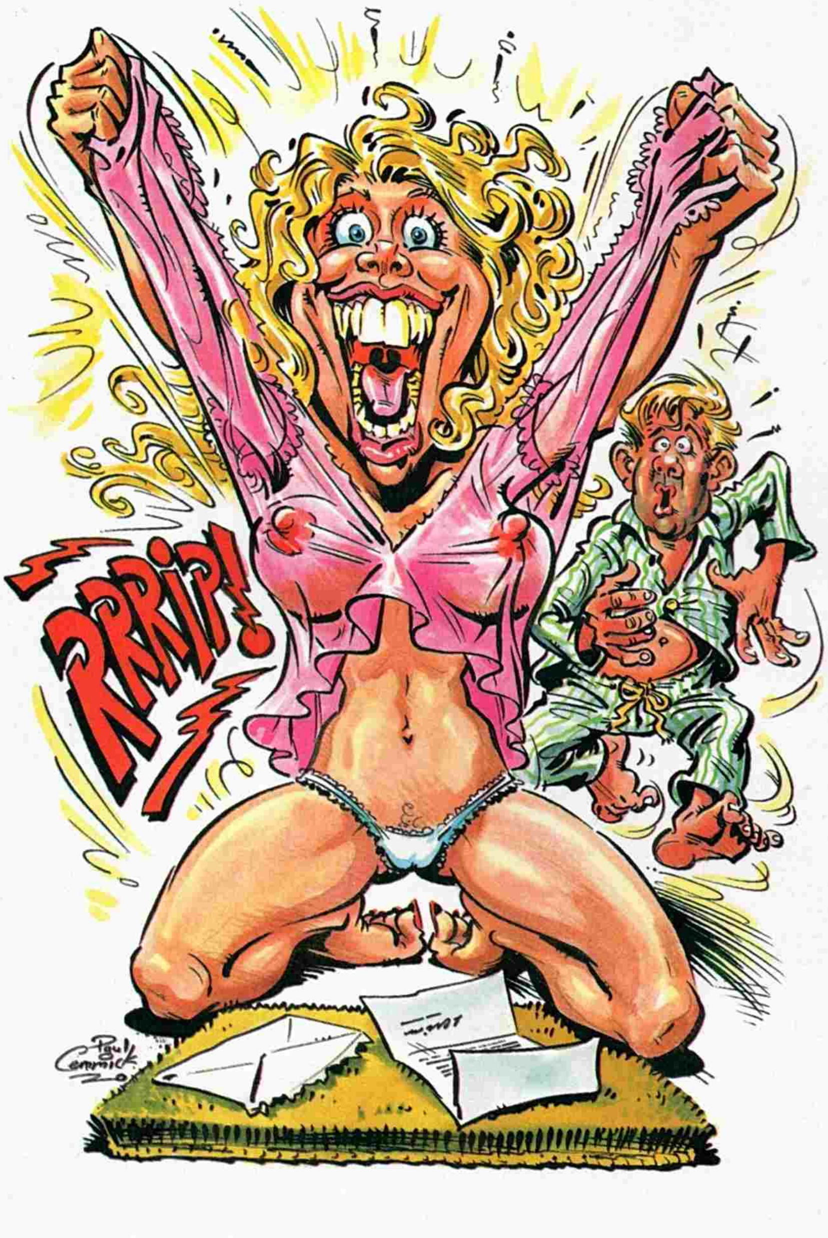
Charles Eaton-Squire rushes to the landing to see his wife kneeling on the doormat, wringing her tits and baying like Edwina Currie at Question Time.

"Jesus Christ, woman, what is it?" bellows Charles, frightened out of his wits. "Pregnancy test positive? Southend Stadium shares crashed? GTI vandalized again? Speak, dammit!"

Henrietta, now utterly naked and on all-fours, is purring like a cat, frothing from the corners of her mouth. She trembles visibly.

"Go back to bed, you lovely man!" she pants, licking her lips. "I'm bringing up a bottle of champagne and we're going to spend the whole day fucking! And sucking, too! I'll even wear the nurse's uniform! She's dead, Charles, dead! Aunt Hilda is wonderfully, beautifully, gloriously deceased. And it's mine, all mine! The villa in Tuscany! The hunting lodge in Argyll! The prosthetics factory in Northampton! The 1934 Rolls Sedanca De Ville by Thrupp & Maberley! The Wigan Herald! The Mevagissey Express!"

Henrietta, now utterly naked and on all-fours, is purring like a cat frothing from the corners of her mouth. She trembles visibly . . .



"Be silent, woman!" bellows Charles, storming down the stairs, grabbing Henrietta's shoulders, and shaking her so wickedly her tits wobble from side to side. "You're behaving like a damned noovo! Where's your respect for the dead? Your dignity?"

"This is the only dignity you're interested in!" hisses Henrietta, eyes bulging demonically as she points to her blonde-curled pussy. "Now be a good little boy, drag me into the reception room, and screw me over the back of the sofa to prove I'm not dreaming!"

Shapely Thighs

Despite an almost comatose reaction to her new sleeping pills, the lady of the house is far from dreaming, and as her Fatty Arbuckle clone of a husband prods her, managing to make her rump ripple with his sad little carrot, he does some hasty totting-up. Afterwards, kneeling between her shapely thighs and mopping up with a Kleenex, he grins absentmindedly.

"What's amusing you, Charles?" asks Henrietta, curtly.

"I was just thinking," says Charles, panting, ruddy-faced, and generally revolting. "You're absolutely right. It *was* pretty damned obliging of the old toad to croak. What with my income tax return due and the new Merc coupé on the market next month . . ."

Mr and Mrs Eaton-Squire laugh hysterically and crack open their second bottle of bubbly. It is 9.17 am.

"If there is going to be a slight hiccup, Mrs Eaton-Squire," advises Mr Quint, on the telephone, it may be in the form of Mr Protheroe."

Henrietta, alarmed, extricates herself from her husband's albino mushroom.

"Protheroe? The undertaker, you mean? Don't worry, I'll pay for the funeral – coffin, flowers, everything."

"You don't understand, Mrs Eaton-Squire," the solicitor continues. "Although Miss Gibbons died intestate, young Mr Protheroe and she were very close, and he alone nursed her through the last weeks of her illness. There is every possibility he may challenge your right to the estate in its entirety, in which case it could be two or even three years before probate is settled."

"Did you say *young* Mr Protheroe? asks Henrietta, sensing an opportunity. "How young, exactly?"

"Twenty-five, to be exact. Anyway, it might be a good idea for you to meet at the funeral. Perhaps you could agree to an *ex gratia* settlement."

"Settlement, my sweet pussy!" spits Henrietta, slamming the receiver down and slapping her husband's hand from between her thighs. "I'll have the little bastard shot!"

Mindful of Aunt Hilda's celebrated wine cellar dating back to the last quarter of the 19th Century, and feeling in need of as much moral support as they can muster, Charles and Henrietta invite a few chums up north for the funeral, which coincides, rather conveniently, with the Grand National meeting at nearby Aintree.

"Good Old Bunty Forshaw's absolutely mahvluss at funerals," insists Charles. "But *do* tell Sophie Carter-Jones not to wear leather, will you? Damn woman gave the vicar a hard-on at poor old Isaac Wisden-Soames' wake. More like the opening sequence of a video nasty than a damn funeral, what with Miranda Blashford-Smith being caught with that Nigerian waiter in the broom cupboard . . ."

For once in her life, Henrietta raises no objection to the inclusion of Good Old Bunty Forshaw and a few other faces from the lounge bar at the Admiral Cod. If this frightful little oick Protheroe is to be dissuaded from challenging probate, she'll need all the muscle

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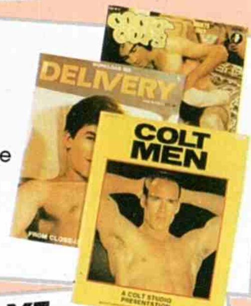
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she can raise . . .

The curtains of Aunt Hilda's sprawling, turreted gothic folly are drawn as the Eaton-Squire clan pull up outside in the taxi, and an air of foreboding hangs in the dark, drizzly street.

A tall, blonde youth in black leather jeans and a floral shirt unbuttoned to the waist opens the door. The strains of *Ace Of Spades* by Motorhead echo from an upstairs bedroom. He glares waspishly at the unwanted visitors from the big smoke city.

"She's laid out in the front room," he snaps, swigging from a can of lager and belching. "Pretty as a picture."

Charles, Henrietta and Co file into the dingy room and peer apprehensively into the coffin.

"Tell me, when did Aunt Hilda take to wearing mini skirts?" asks Henrietta, shaken to see her 86-year-old maiden aunt laid out *à la* Cathy McGowan circa 1966.

"It was her dyin' wish," says the gum-chewing Protheroe. "We was real close, see? Like man an' wife." Then, lighting a cigarette, peering into the coffin and coughing, violently: "Weren't that so, you gorgeous little sex bomb, you!"

"God, man, have some respect!" snaps Charles. The youth turns on him with a vicious leer, when there is a thunderous crash and the sound of breaking glass from the bowels of the house. Good Old Bunty Forshaw has stumbled across the wine cellar.

Bizarrely-attired

None of the party from Sloanedom are exactly looking forward to spending the night in Wigan with the bizarrely-attired Aunt Hilda at rest in the front room, and the vulture-like Protheroe flitting distrustfully from room to room with trays of stale paste sandwiches. Good Old Bunty Forshaw, having gleaned 20 or so bottles of vintage exotica from the basement, is busy with a corkscrew in the library, and he, Charles, Chalkie Featherstonhaugh-Whyte and Sophie Carter-Jones get stuck in, trying to laugh off the thunderstorm that makes the entire scenario uncomfortably reminiscent of a scene from *Ten Little Indians*.

Come 2 am, the London party is on its last legs, helped along the path to drunken dementedness by a bottle of 1899 Serbian plum brandy, and Akvavit chasers. Sophie Carter-Jones strips down to bra and panties, invites all-comers to ravish her across Miss Gibbons' old rolltop desk, but suddenly turns deathly white and vomits copiously over a large stuffed badger, while, seconds later, Good Old Bunty Forshaw gets to his feet and pees into a 1930s art deco electric fire, which he mistakes for a toilet bowl, and is blown clean across the room by the shock. Charles and Chalkie Featherstonhaugh-Whyte, the sole survivors, opt for one final bottle of Kummel, and lapse into unconsciousness within the inviting comfort of Aunt Hilda's leather armchairs.

> Seeing the frightful carnage on the library floor, Mrs Eaton-Squire seizes the moment, and retires upstairs to the quarters of the mercenary Mr Protheroe . . .

Seeing the frightful carnage on the library floor, Mrs Eaton-Squire seizes the moment, and retires upstairs to the quarters of the mercenary Mr Protheroe, who has been winking and leering at the comely Hoorayess since her arrival. Nothing would suit the indolent youth more than to seduce Henrietta and whisk her away to the Caribbean and plunder her bequest on fast living, while nothing would suit our Sloane slut more than to put on such a tortuously cock-stirring exhibition of lewdness, than to have the Lancashire yobbo eating out of her hand and pleading to give anything, but *anything*, for the pleasure of orgasm.

The callow youth is hardly surprised to hear a faint knock at his bedroom door.

"Well, well, well! What have we here?" he leers. "Mrs 50 per-cent, I believe!"

Henrietta wiggles her way across the room to where the youth lies, bare-chested, a swelling of positively threatening proportions threatening to damage the zip of his leather strides.

"I believe otherwise," says Henrietta, but as she opens her gown to reveal her stunning physique (set off to drooling perfection by black fishnets and suspender belt), three Nembutals drop unnoticed from a hole in her pocket – directly into Protheroe's bedside pinta . . . of Red Stripe Crucial Brew.

"We'd make a right nice couple, you an' me," he says, unzipping himself and introducing his whopping quarter-pounder to Henrietta.

"Couple be buggered!" snaps Henrietta. "By the time I've finished with you, you'll be on your knees for an action replay!"

"So, what's the hurry, Linda bleedin' Carter?" asks the jaded conman, reaching for his beer. "Here – wrap your lips around this before you lap 'em around that. Put you even more in the mood, will this!"

Ten minutes later, it dawning obvious on both parties that neither is likely to succeed in screwing anything out of anybody and that the dispute concerning Aunt Hilda's estate must inevitably go to litigation, Henrietta and Protheroe are overcome by a curious light-headedness. Still united, they roll off the bed on to a welcoming cloud of cotton wool, which wafts them around the bedroom, along the landing, and down the stairs.

"Wheee! What wonderful beer!" squeals Henrietta, thrilling to the lightning light show and the way the ceiling gently ripples from end to end, like an endless wave. "Take me to bed, Errol Flynn! That nice little bed over there!"

'Brrr, cold, squidgy mattresh!" shivers Henrietta, as the inebriated-cum-spaced out Lancashire hotpot scrambles in on top of her. "I loathe waterbeds! Come to me, Errol – warm mummy up with your legendary doo-dah!" At which point the ceiling starts to rotate like a roulette wheel and the hopelessly oversexed young couple are spun into oblivion.

Six hours later, Sophie Carter-Jones is awoken from her slumbers by the undertakers hammering at the front door.

"We've come for Miss Gibbons," says the head pallbearer, as Sophie, pale, drawn and wretchedly hungover, shows him into the front room – and screams. Beside the coffin lies Protheroe, stark naked and snoring like a pig. While, inside the box, something stirs.

"Morning, Soph," says Henrietta, sitting up and reaching for her cigarettes beneath a non-existent pillow. Any chance of a cup of coffee? God, this mattress has seen better days . . ."

In the cemetery chapel, Protheroe and Henrietta (still deeply shocked), are perturbed by a small, strangely threatening cluster of strangers who file in during *The Lord Is My Shepherd* – particularly a little old lady in a black straw hat, clinging to two suntanned young men for balance.

Mr Quint of Quint, Quant & Goldblatt approaches Protheroe, Henrietta and Charles after the cremation, with head hung low.

Prior Claim

"I really am most frightfully sorry, everybody, but the old lady over there claims to be your Aunt Hilda's sister from Tasmania, the one you apparently assumed died during the quakes of '61. That being so, I need hardly remind you she has prior claim to your Aunt's estate. And, er, the two chaps in the khaki shorts are her sons, who have asked me to inform you that, unless you leave a cheque to cover last night's damage to your late Aunt's property and the missing items from the wine cellar, they will prefer charges. Of that, you can be very sure."

"Come on, you chaps!" bellows Good Old Bunty Forshaw, recovering his hipflask from the red-nosed vicar and slipping it back inside his battered covert coat. "It's opening time. What say we get a few in and take a cab over to Aintree? Pal of mine's got a demon hurdler in the opener – reckons it can't lose, what!"

club SOAP

BEST

SWITCH ON TO THE ALTERNATIVE CHANNEL IN BRITAIN'S

EPISODE SIX

SCENE 1. LIL'S SEX SHOP

LIL is sitting at the counter stroking her pussy – aka Latex, the feline world's answer to Zorba the Greek. The normally tidy counter is covered by the outspread pink pages of the "Financial Times". LIL looks serious as she peruses, flicking the ash of her Kensitas carelessly onto an unopened box of crotchless briefs. Over by the shelves GRAHAM WITTERS is studying the latest items of lingerie, holding each one up to the dim light of the 60-watt bulb to check on the transparency of the materials.

GRAHAM: This Baby Doll wouldn't leave much to the imagination, Lil.

LIL: What do you expect it to be made of, Mr Witters – bleedin' stonewashed denim?

GRAHAM: Pardon me for speaking, I'm sure. I was only making an observation on the seductive qualities of your superior garments.

LIL: My apologies, Mr Witters, I didn't mean to snap. I'm just so hung up over my financial affairs.

GRAHAM: Affairs are a tax on anyone's finances, unfortunately. Celibacy's terribly boring, but at least it's economical. I know one chap who purchased a second-hand Peugeot through going without it.

LIL: I think we're talking at cross purposes again, Mr Witters. I'm referring to the flotation of Loving Lingerie Ltd. Should I risk my nest-egg by fluttering in the world of high-finance?

GRAHAM: Oh, yes, it's a gilt-edged investment, Lil. There's a great thirst for sexual accoutrements nowadays. Your investment will be vindicated by the sexual tastes of the general public.

LIL: What if there's a swing back to the old-fashioned morals, though? I could lose my shirt on it then.

GRAHAM: That'd be a sight worth waiting for . . .

LIL: Please, no ribaldry at a time like this, Mr Witters. I'm trying to make a serious decision about my monetary matters.

SCENE 2. THE PEEP-SHOW

SHARON and TRACY are getting ready for their day's stint, peeling off their day clothes unhurriedly as they chat.

SHARON: 'Ere, guess what? I reckon that Dave Pilch is knocking off that Win from the cafe.

TRACY: Wouldn't surprise me. He'd screw anything on two legs. I wouldn't let him play leap-frog with any of my daughters, that's for sure.

SHARON: But she must be about 50.

There is a clank and a squeak as one of the letterbox flaps opens for the first customer of the day.

CUSTOMER: Oi, you two – stop yapping about other people's sex lives and show us yer fanny.

TRACY: Get back in your skirting-board, creep!

CUSTOMER: Look, I've paid 50 pee for the privilege of a peep – I wanna see more than you two in yer bleedin' overcoats . . .

SCENE 3. DAVE'S BARROW

DAVE PILCH is standing at this barrow staring blankly into space as the smoke curls upward from his crumpled roll-up. Suddenly he leaps several feet in the air as a wandering hand pinches his backside. It is ANGIE.

DAVE: 'Allo, Ange – how yer diddling?

ANGIE: Can't complain, Dave. Business is good, life is kind, and your bum is always there.

DAVE: Saucy cow . . .

While they are chatting, a young balding chap approaches and stands with ill-disguised impatience in front of them. They try to ignore him, but his sarcastic coughs ruin the pleasant tenor of their conversation.

ANGIE: Better let you get on, Dave. See you around, eh?

DAVE: (Turning to the man): Yeah?

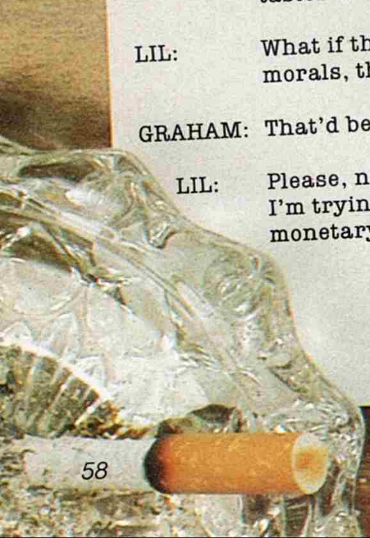
MAN: I'll have a pound of broccoli and a quarter of mushrooms, if I may.

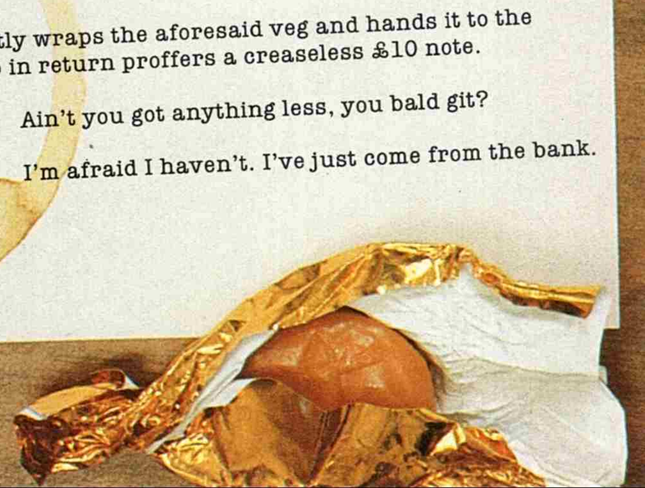
DAVE: (Mincingly): Oh, I say, of course you may.

DAVE deftly wraps the aforesaid veg and hands it to the man, who in return proffers a creaseless £10 note.

DAVE: Ain't you got anything less, you bald git?

MAN: I'm afraid I haven't. I've just come from the bank.





ENDERS

NAUGHTIEST SQUARE MILE. SCRIPT BY NICHOLAS WHITTAKER

DAVE: Have you really, old chap? It's tossers like you wot make my life a bleedin' heartache. I can't change that kind of lolly this early in the morning.

MAN: Oh, dear, in that case I think I'd better forget it. I'll pop into the supermarket – they may be more plentifully supplied with small coins of the realm.

The man walks away, leaving an enraged DAVE dancing a mini polka of rage on the cabbage-leaf strewn pavement.

DAVE: Oi, baldy, come here. (There is no response). You fhackin' deaf pompous git . . . (He hurls the broccoli and mushrooms back on to the barrow without regard to his usually impressive agricultural display. Flecks of broccoli fly into the air and land on the pavement to be gobbled up by eager pigeons).

DAVE relights his roll-up and aims a kick at Latex, Lil's cat, who has just emerged from the sex shop for his customary morning stroll. The cat hisses at him and trundles off at a rapid pace to suss out the fish stall. From the cafe emerges WIN, all smiles.

WIN: Morning, Dave.

DAVE: (With a cheery grin): Ayup, Win. Enjoy that marrow I slipped you on the quiet yesterday?

WIN: Did I just, Dave – it was a real treat. I haven't had the pleasure of a thick and juicy marrer like that for more months than I care to remember.

DAVE: It was a privilege to cater for your requirements, luv. Any time you get the urge . . .

There is a clatter of milk bottles in a crate and they both turn sharply to find LEW staring at them both very suspiciously.

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Photographs by Tim Scott

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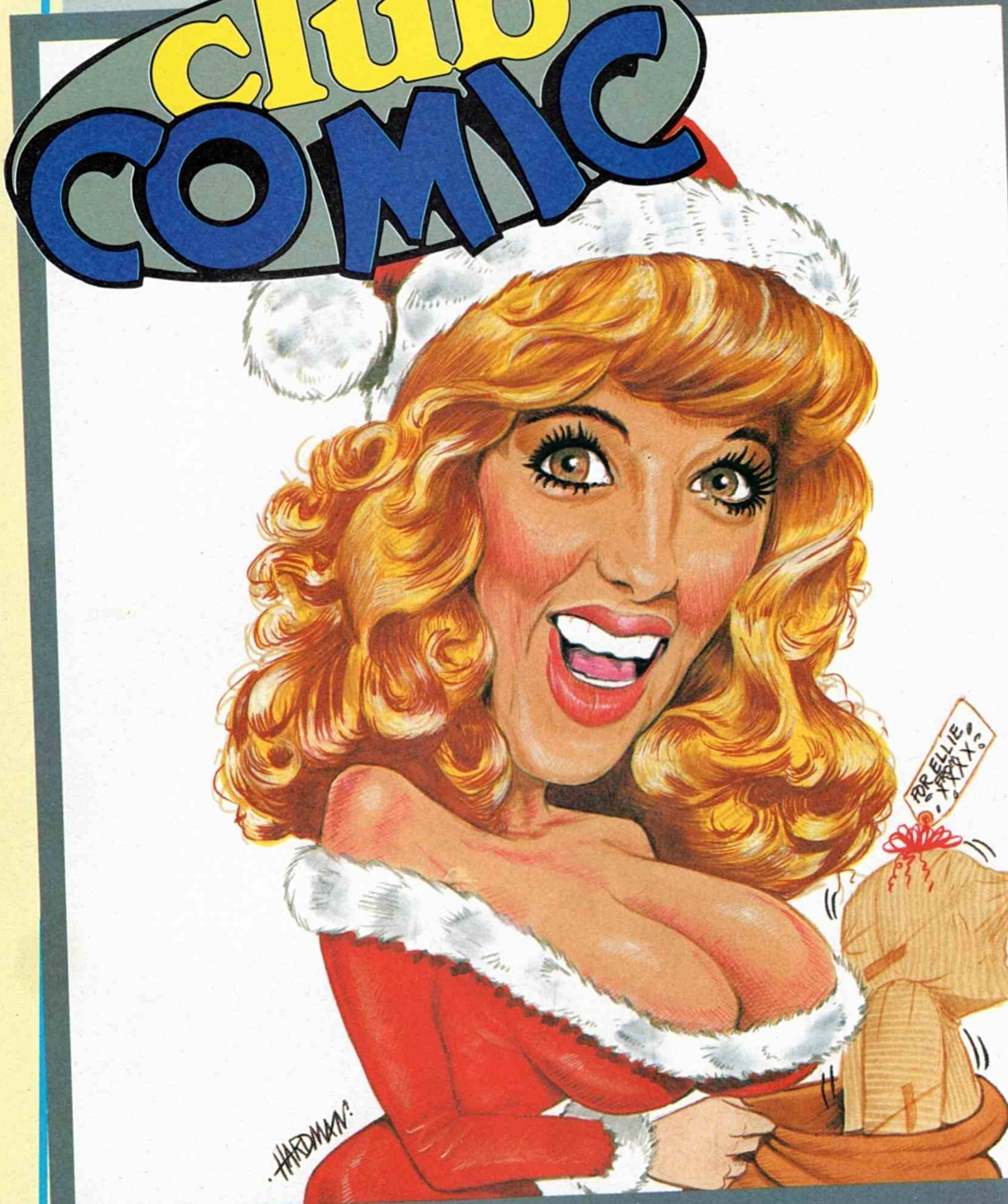

Brian O'Hanlon drops in on

ELLIE LAINE

She's blonde, very good-looking, almost 23, and has a line in comedy that can make even Bernard Manning blush; and Des O'Connor – politely, but very firmly – refused to have her on his television show. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Ellie Laine.

Ellie's at home in the counter-punching world of club cabaret, where an entertainer does or dies very quickly. You set 'em up. She knocks 'em down. MEN! And women love her for it. She takes the piss out of us. Mercilessly, brutally (if need be), with a staccato delivery of blue jokes that could make an Irish navvy get down on his knees and say 20 Hail Marys.

She's late for our lunch date in Kensington High Street. Just after 1.30, when I am as anxious as a boy on his first crush, she sweeps into the restaurant in red thigh-high boots, shiny white stretch pants and red anorak over a white sweater cut low enough to see the honey-tanned outline of her model-girl boobs. The Italian waiters fall over themselves to elbow each other out of the way to get to our table and pull out a chair. Conversation comes to a complete halt as heads turn and stare.

Blonde Vision

The blonde vision speaks and smiles. A gorgeous smile. "Geoff's parking the car. Sorry we're late." A drink? "Yes, I'd love a glass of white wine." The menu is proffered. "Pasta? Oh, sure. I eat anything." You don't watch your figure, then? "Why should I get in my own queue?" she quips.

Geoff Savage, an old pro and long in the business himself, is Ellie's manager and mentor. He joins us at the table in time for the first course. How did they first meet?

"She came to my office and said she wanted me to teach her to be a comedienne. Christ, I mean, I thought she's got to be a stripper. No . . . a kissogram girl. Ah, someone's doing a wind-up, I thought. One of my mates is getting me at it. 'Can't help', I tell her. 'Nobody wants a comedienne, even if you *are* good. Sorry, luv . . .'"

"She spoke *rathah posh*," remembers Geoff. "Convent-educated, 'Mummy' and 'Daddy', and all that bit. But now she speaks normal, *doan-cha*?"

"I suppose I've always been odd," Ellie reflects. "I've never known fear or embarrassment. I started in the business when I was still at school, at 16. Even before then I used to go to a hot-dog stand where there would always be a crowd of boys ready to start. Most girls just wouldn't go through with it, but I found I wanted to. They'd start – 'Ullo, darlin', want a bit?' – y'know, the usual sort of chat. 'Caw, I could really give you nine inches . . .' I'd stop dead, look at him and say: 'What, without using your hands? I've known bigger pricks but they've been men, not something that went down their father's trouser legs . . .' And, of course, his mates would lap it up as he stood there tongue-tied, and roar with laughter. I quickly realized that a lot of men, especially the young and inexperienced, the ones who call out after you all the time, are *frightened* of girls. It's all a front.

"Geoff eventually agreed to take me on as a sort of comic's 'feed', learning the business the only way you can, by doing it. I'll never forget my first night. I died a death. I went on after a tall singer and I didn't even know how to adjust the microphone. I came off and told Geoff that was it. I didn't want to be a comedienne after all. 'Don't be silly', he said. 'You've just done the worst show you'll ever do. You'll never have to go on before an audience for the first time ever again, will you?'

"But I began to be noticed. I'd throw a few gags at the audience and they loved it. Like one night when I was doing the 'feed' bit in this road show bill somewhere out in the wilds, and the usual crowd of drunks started to mouth. I'm in the midst of announcing the comic, when one of them shouts out something. Without looking at him I pause for a second, smile and say '*Balls*!' – and carry on. It brought the house down."

Ellie lives at home with her parents in middle-class outer Essex. "No, they don't really approve of what I do. They tell people that I'm a *singer*. And they don't come and see me work. They're frightened I might start having a go."

Ellie has a younger brother – "He's normal: very quiet compared to me" – and recalls she was always getting into trouble with mummy when she was very young. "One week I spent my pocket money on a dog turd – one of those plastic jobs. We had an Alsatian at the time. I put this turd down in the middle of the sitting room. My mother is very houseproud, and she went potty. The dog got a good cuffing, mum gets out a battery of *Kleenex*, scoops it up, and throws it in the dustbin. I retrieve it and a week later do the same thing.

"The dog – he's getting a bit psycho by now, poor thing – gets another hammering, and we have the same performance. This time she feels the thing and realizes what's gone on. She's absolutely furious. I get sent to my room, the dog gets an apology. Anyway, two weeks later the old dog did a *real* mess. In the lounge. In the same place. Mum comes in, sees it, shouts at me: "You don't give up, do you? I'm not stupid . . ." and picks it up with her hands . . .

Ellie frankly admits her hobby is her work. "I don't care how big-headed it sounds, I know I'm good. I know I'm original, and people are coming to see me."

"You see," adds Geoff, "we don't do television . . . which is GOOD! So when Ellie went to Oxford the other week, the place was packed because people hadn't seen her on the box. The previous week they had just 250 in" – he mentions a well-known comic – "when he was there. But they didn't come because people aren't stupid. They know all they're going to see is what they see at home on the telly, so why bother?"

> *"Joan Rivers? She looks like she spent her holidays in a wind tunnel. She's had so many face lifts that every time she smiles she pulls her stockings up . . ."*

Time to see her in action. The club at Ilford is packed. Ellie comes on looking a million dollars, wearing a dazzling, daring outfit that barely covers the essentials. "Hello," she greets a tipsy heckler, moving into the audience and patting his bald head. "You look like a wonderful lover. I bet you practise a lot on your own!"

Sheepish Grin

Baldie's wife creases up and looks at Ellie in admiration – and appreciation. The man gives a sickly, sheepish grin.

"Wot a gorgeous arse!" says a 'Minder'-type yob, with a beer gut and clip-on bow tie. "Wot gorgeous tits!"

Ellie sashays up to him, face-on, giving him a full gander, as they say, hands on hips. "My boobs may be big," she says sweetly, "but they'd be lost in *your* mouth!"

Ellie moves on. "I bet the Pope gets more crumpet than you," she nods to one poor sod, sitting there, keeping very schtum.

"He should be so lucky!" agrees his wife.

Ellie, of course, is often compared to All-American foulmouth, Joan Rivers, who shied away from having Ellie on her show when she was in London.

"Joan Rivers? Have you SEEN her? My God, that woman is so THIN. I've seen more meat on a butcher's apron! And that drawn-back face. She looks like she spent her holidays in a wind tunnel. She's had so many face lifts that every time she smiles she pulls her stockings up.

"No – *listen, darling,* this is TRUE. They've just brought out a Joan Rivers blow-up doll. It comes inflated, and to make it look lifelike you have to let the air out. Her first professional role was in *Psycho.* She was the one in the rocking chair. I'm not kidding."

The audience rocks and rocks. She's right. She IS original. She's clever, too. She tells blue jokes without using four-letter words. "Good evening, sir. Or, if you're Australian, good morning. Or, if you've got AIDS, goodbye . . ."

Ellie prowls. "Is this yours?" she asks a pleasant young woman. "You'd be better off with a spin dryer." The husband gives another of those sickly smiles.

It is hard to believe, as I listen to Ellie reeling off her bombshells, that she's not yet 23 and that she was at school until four years ago – exclusive, private, convent – with 13 O-levels and 5 A-levels to her name. And she also speaks fluent French and German. Ellie comes across because she is immediately honest.

"I've always loved being the centre of attention. I was a precocious child who was always being egged on by my friends to do impressions. I also started joking about partly as a defence because all the boys used to tease me rotten."

Ellie now returns to the stage after chasing some poor sod on his knees to the loo. He thought he'd got away with it by sliding under the table and crawling up the side aisle, but his wife grassed on him, cocking her thumb and pointing. "Want me to *come* with you?"

"Er, no. No thanks."

"Spoilsport!"

She turns to the audience. "My boyfriend called me sex-mad, so I told him: 'Get out of my bed, and take your three pals with you!'

"My 99-year-old grandad wed a girl of 18, then had a stroke. Two months later she let him have another one.

"You . . ." – this to a noisy guffawer – " . . . should leave your body to medical science. Preferably tonight.

"A fella shouted at his wife. 'I'm leaving you because I've just heard about an island in Fiji where they are so short of men, the women pay you £5 every time you make love to them'. She said: 'Well, in that case, I'm coming with you. I'd love to see you manage on ten quid a month'."

A man smiles and ogles her in frank appreciation. Ellie sidles up close, chucks him under the chin, and murmurs: "I've heard you're very good to your wife. You hardly ever go home . . ."

Minder-yob bawls out something quite incoherent. Ellie points dramatically. "I've heard you've got everything: ever tried penicillin? If the rest of you was as big as your mouth I'd marry you!"

To another victim: "Your shirt must be pure silk – it's still got a worm inside!"

"Ah, dearie me," she reflects, back on stage, to the mike as she adjusts it. "All the fellas I've ever met are like public loos – either engaged or dirty . . ."

The audience howls.

"There's only two comic queens. Me and Kenny Everett."

Closing Minutes

In the closing minutes, we're informed that Ms Rivers is like a well-kept grave; that the best thing in Terry Wogan's pants is the label; and about the time she was with one chap in bed, with his socks on, and he asked her what she was staring at. "I said I expected to see a couple of feet. He said: 'What are *you* used to?'"

We say goodbye in the car park as Geoff gets behind the wheel to drive her home to Ongar. Ellie leans out, pecks my cheek, and whispers: "Did you hear the late news? Samantha Fox's library burned down earlier today. Both her books were destroyed . . . and she hadn't finished colouring one of them."

MY FAVOURITE GAG

"Fairy Godmother said to Cinderella: 'Now, listen; you be home by the stroke of midnight, otherwise your fanny will turn into a pumpkin'. It's 11.55, and she is dancing with the most gorgeous man. She said: 'What's your name?' He said: 'I'm Prince Peter, the pumpkin-eater. What time you going home?' She said: 'Half-six!'"

Illustration by Paul Hardman

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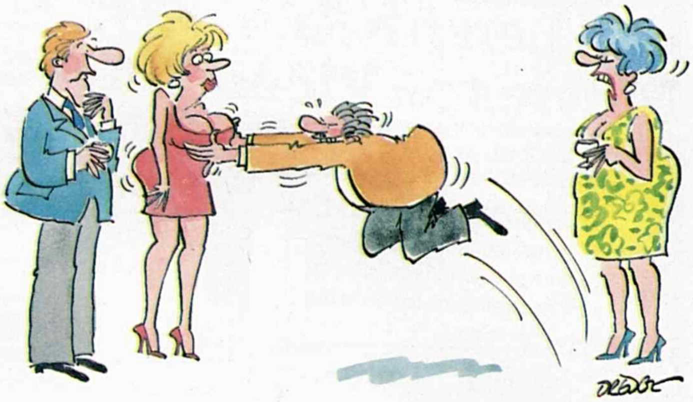
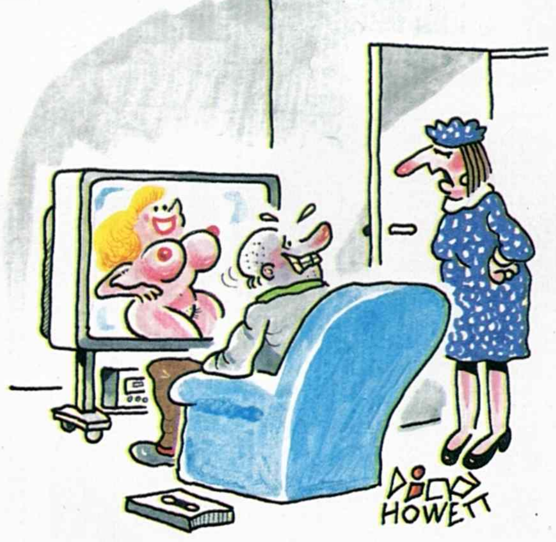


You'll have to excuse Gordon – he used to be a goalkeeper!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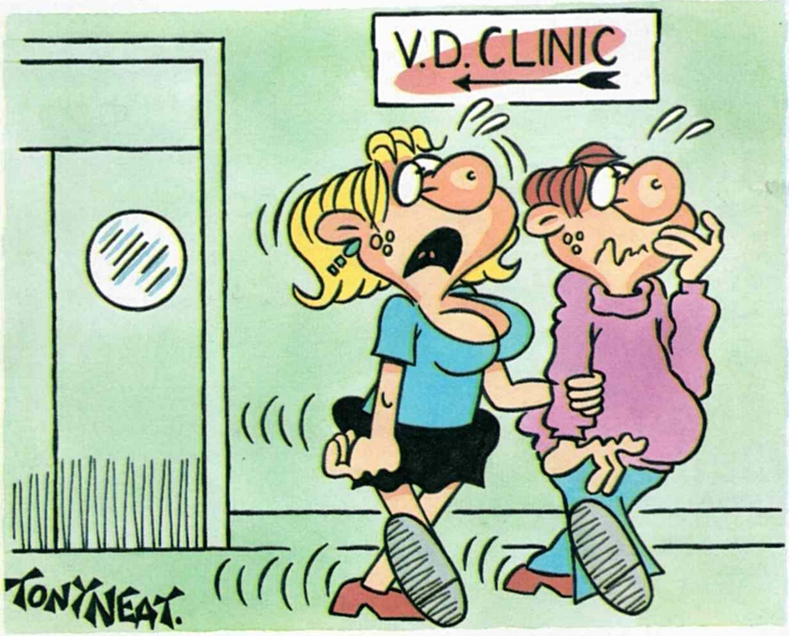
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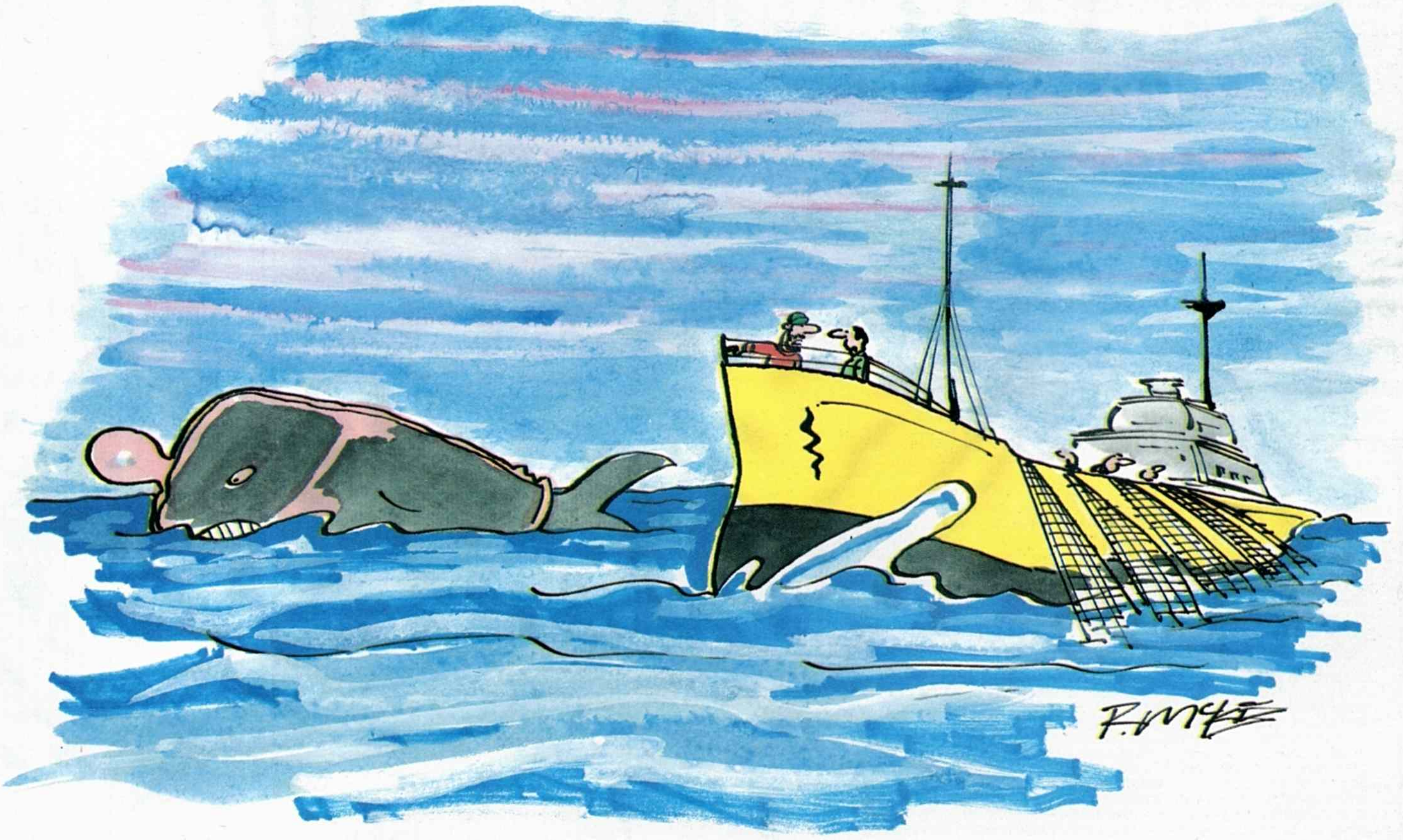
TONY NEAT.

Idiot! I told you it wasn't the seven-year itch!



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GINGER

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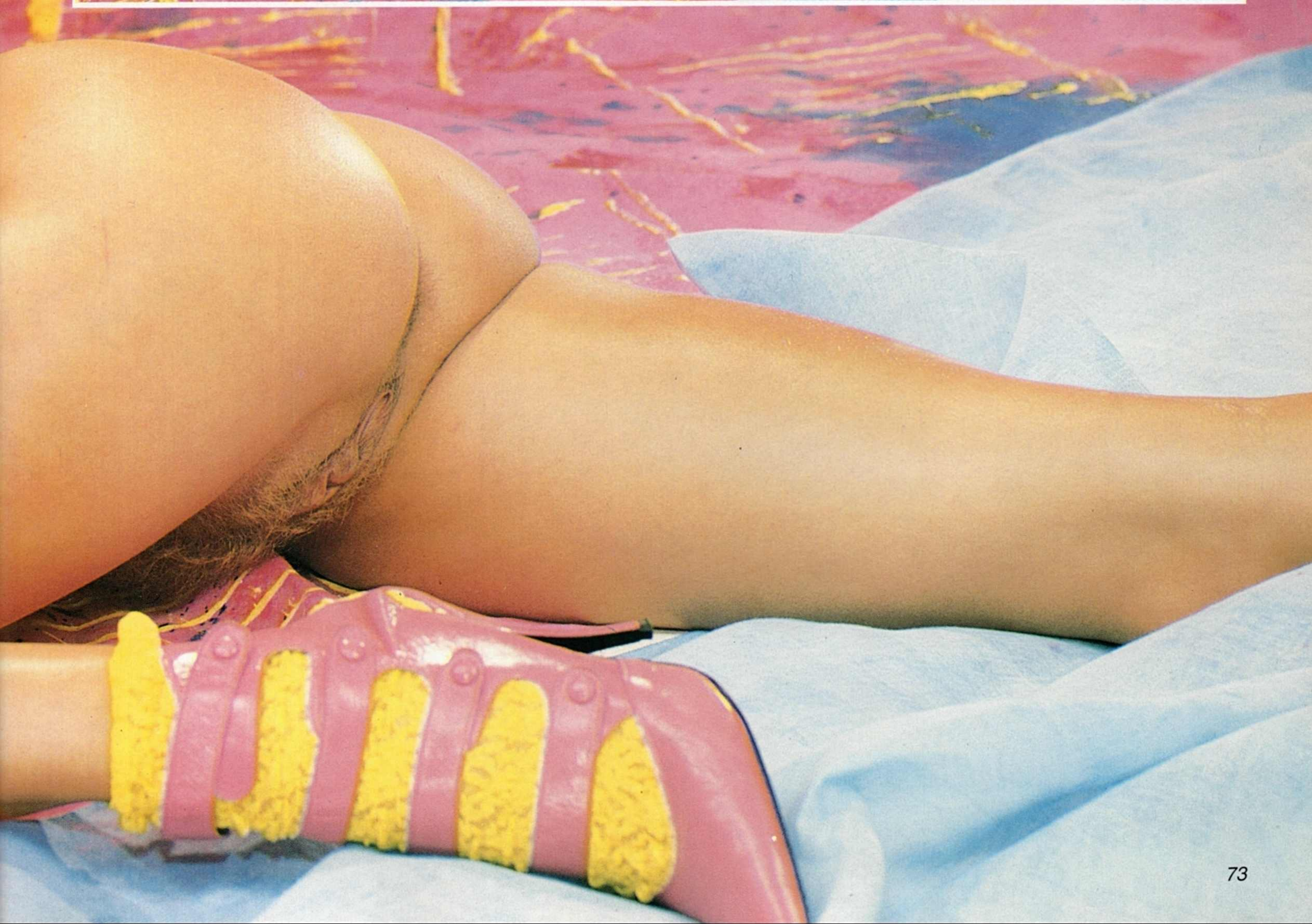


BED, BOOK AN

It never ceases to amaze us just how many books JIMMY DOYLE manages to get through every month, and we told him as much. Temperamental character that he is, Doyley took that to mean we didn't believe he actually read the things. His only reaction to that was to storm off, returning days before his deadline with a record number of reviews. "Take that," he said, so we did. And here they are . . .

Behold – right beside me – the prone and peaceful shape of Cathy, well into a marathon snooze following a whole debauched night celebrating five years of free trade and reciprocal back-scratching in my boudoir, assisted by red wine, brandy and chicken in the basket. Thus, she's sprawled out on her front, breasts crushed against the bottom sheet. Her soft breathing had the regularity of utter sleep, otherwise she'd have noticed, as I did, the dark blue Reger nightgown riding up to a point just above the curve of her buttocks, inviting invasion. Perhaps I have seen more beautiful sights in my life, but not from this distance.

However, nothing takes the mind off sex quicker than an unsolved murder. So I snapped open **A Cast Of Killers** for some pretty conclusive private sleuthing by veteran Hollywood film director, King Vidor, into the death of a colleague, William Desmond Taylor, shot in the back twice with a .38 in 1922. Sidney Kirkpatrick, biographer, came across a locked strong-box wedged behind the boiler in Vidor's deserted ranch, spilling all the antique beans. Top actresses of that decade – Edna Purviance, Mabel Normand, Mary Miles Minter – kept the corpse company, feeding sentimental scribbles to the flames while a studio rep removed the bootleg liquor. Police did find Minter's monogrammed silk underwear, plus a few Kama Sutra snapshots. Careers went down the tube once all this juice leaked out into the street, but still no killer.

As Vidor states, the Taylor case is "one of the greatest, most scandalous true stories ever to come out of this town, filled with behind-the-scenes dirt and deep, dark secrets that real people tried so hard to hide." That's why it's so criminal to embellish it, Kirkpatrick-style. Clearly hypnotized by the scoop, he eats up this hot material so voraciously that, at times, all you can hear is the sound of his lips smacking. Vidor's the real hero. He tracked down leads and false identities, only to confront, in true Hollywood fashion, a pathetic old victim who never wanted to be an actress, just to have a boyfriend. So he quit. In a way, he was right, too. Reading this investigation loaned me that queasy Peeping Tom tension you get when the view is terrific but the angle is lousy.

More of the same, only pure fiction, from John Bowen's **The McGuffin**, yet another attempt to poach thriller themes and situations from that rotund magician of the suspense circuit, Alfred Hitchcock. Just once, he was persuaded to part with a definition. "A McGuffin," he told Truffaut, "is an apparatus for trapping lions in the Scottish Highlands." Here, unfortunately, it's a set of photographs that fall into the possession of a timid film critic who, claims his ex-wife, "hasn't got any politics or money or sexual habits." Each chapter, like a man kneeling on a frayed Persian prayer mat muttering psalms, is named after a Hitchcock movie. Literary grave-robbing itself doesn't have to be a crime, only how you do it. Bowen jumps on the coffin lid, but it won't budge.

Organic Climax

Cathy was still dead to the world. Nothing doing on that score, but I had **The Last Museum**, the novel Brion Gysin promised to write before his number got called. Close timing, too. Its speaker, Little PG Six, having just expired, arrives at the Beat Hotel, Paris. In Room One, he strikes up conversation with a lurid ceiling mural dubbed "The Open-Gate Girl" on account of her tits are hanging down like ripe canteloupes, thighs wide apart and an exposed vulva glistening like seafood. Thereafter, he leaps from body to body, eavesdropping on history.

It's a wonderful old man's recollection of life lived at a consistently bizarre pitch, tying up all those loose ends before they disintegrate. There's the one about Violet Trefusis snorting up the ashes of a man's dead mistress with her platinum spoon and pronouncing the powder "fabulous". Or Antonia's lethal cunnilingus trick, her organic climax with a death bubble attached. Having crossed the great water, as they say, all these rotten memories of love can tumble out without fear of correction or reprisal. Museum is right, and it would have to be the last – all those obscene relics – for there'd never be room for another.

James Mason into sand portraits of Helen Mirren in Age of Consent.

Another person who seems rarely satisfied with reality, Wladyslaw Pawelec, is Polish. Erotic photography's his game. A collection of his work can be located in **Friends Of Zofia**. To quote a Western sex source: "Behind the Iron Curtain, this is a rare vocation indeed." You're not kidding. All the same, whatever it is that Eastern Bloc girls suffer from, it ain't rust. Sharp sepia prints of Sylwia, Elzbieta, Dorota, Malgosia, Halina and Zofia herself are good for blood circulation. I must have said this last part aloud, because there was Cathy, sleep-soaked but definitely on the ball, propped up on one elbow, saying: "Did you expect women to behave differently, just because of a cold war climate?"

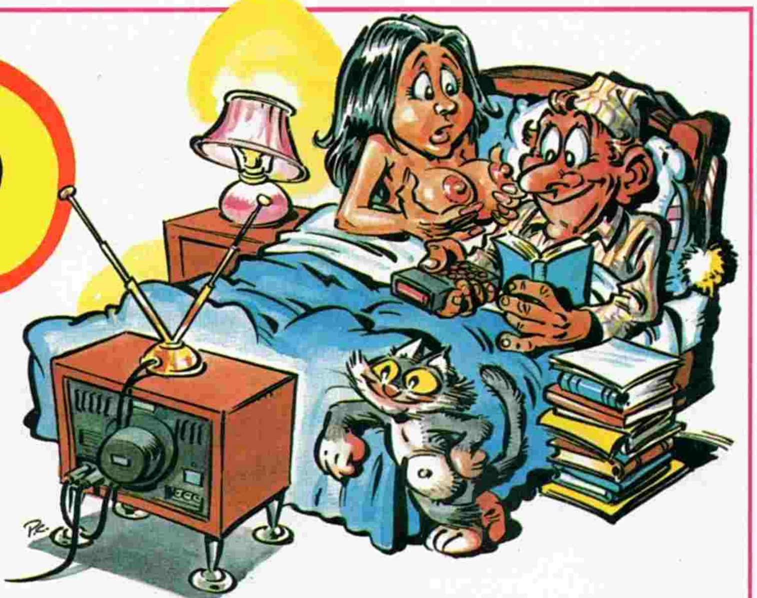
"Ah, you're awake," I said, ducking the issue.

"No, I'm not," replied Cathy, closing her eyes again.

Pawelec insists on working from window light, thus restoring an authentic light and darkness relationship to the female nude, so often denied natural shadows by harsh flooding, while a sense of intimacy replaces the familiar mood of explicit, come-hither lust incentives. They give yet hold back. It sure makes a change. Sex isn't bleach, after all. I like mine with a little ceremony, some local colour, a garter to nibble on.

In Cathy's conscious absence, I would have welcomed Zofia's opinion of my next item, **The Book Of The Bath**, a large-format appraisal of those receptacles we lie down in to soak up stress or dirt particles. Steam could have risen from our bodies as we experimented with Kenner's ablution hints like the Adam & Eve dip – dried apples, lavender, a teaspoonful of cinnamon in boiling water, then added to the bath water. I got dizzy just studying the alternatives. It's all traced back to the Romans, of course, where "musicians played while bathers sang, danced, drank, made love and ate from floating trays." Interesting, and highly practical. I nudged Cathy.

VIDEO



"Sounds like the perfect scene to me," I said, showing her champagne and horse chestnut examples, "Let's do it."

"Just five more minutes, James," she moaned, turning over. I know Cathy. Five minutes means an hour, give or take a lost weekend. I'd have to run the taps alone. Forget it.

For some romance of the doomed-young-artist variety, you could do worse than peruse **Denton Welch**, whose writing career seems to have started the very moment his walking one, thanks to a crippling bicycle smash, finished. Michael de-la-Noy's biography draws heavily on Welch's own intensely voyeuristic novels, **Maiden Voyage** and **Voice Through A Cloud**, both of which scuttle across the emotions, repressed yet rampant. Edith Sitwell compared Welch's prose style to that of an ingrowing toenail. I can't improve on that. The life of a claustrophobe, condemned to light flirtations all his life, is always likely to produce identical symptoms in his readers. Deep, deep down, Welch hated to be touched, thus every sensation acquires scream-emphasis. Detail sickens.

Homemade Soap

To dowse this discomfort, I shifted straight to Victoria Balfour's tape recorder in **Rock Wives**, with no pause for lemonade. The women who live with the men who make the music. Bianca Jagger hits it on the nail: "In the marriage, it's very hard for rock stars to relate to anybody in a normal way, because other women become so available to them." So, in this vein, Myra Lewis felt like a bar of homemade soap. Angie Bowie came to believe that genitalia caused brainrot. Patricia Kennealy admitted that her liaison with Jim Morrison was like falling in love with Darth Vader.

It's when you read a book like **Rock Wives** that you catch an idea of the scope of human error. Maybe three or four of these dames come out of the frank chatting with any dignity or common sense. Quite a number of them project the sort of bullshit their lovers probably passed on to them through their saliva, while others exemplify heavy victim psychosis, or quaint and quite meaningless mysticism plus an inability to deal with anything more substantial than smoke from a candle. Yeah, far out. The atoms aren't going round the nucleus, and fairy tales are on prescription.

Meanwhile, the hard-boiled stuff is as much in business as it ever was, since there are plenty of new things to get cynical about, especially if you're dealing with animals who've learned a language, then a bad trade, then got careless, then need a lawyer to bail them out of it. George V Higgins has his own law firm in Massachusetts, so **Kennedy For The Defence** and **Penance For Jerry Kennedy** introduces to you "the classiest sleazy criminal lawyer in Boston" as real life once again gets its inky fingerprints all over fiction. A lot of disparate things are going on here – car thieves having their licences eaten by traffic cops, a gay frame-up, a worried punk with lots of loose currency. In other words, a mine of petty crime data, mostly in dialogue by a man who won't piss down your back and tell you it's raining.

Viewing time coincided with Cathy's resurrection, just when I was contemplating a call to the embalmer. I made some strong black coffee and watched as it brought life and colour back into the features of this delicious, dark-haired playmate of mine. Mascara was a trifle loose around the eyes, lipstick had all but vanished. All the same, she had my hormones jumping over fences like sheep in a dream.

First in the cassette rack was a racy little B-movie entitled **Mr Love**, the final monicker granted to a meek, balding Southport landscape gardener pushing 50, name of Donald Lovelace. His life's been spent with lawnmowers and hedge-clippers, in and out of greenhouses, removing oil slicks from the wings of seagulls, putting badgers and voles back into holes in the ground. His sterile, 28-year-old marriage to a sour-faced matinee fantasist has never bothered him, but suddenly he feels he can't die without being loved.

How he achieves this ambition makes for truly wonderful cinema. The tale's told in flashback, because he's already dead as the credits go up. At least 12 women turn up for the funeral, and a seaside legend is born. Expanding his romance opportunities, Donald becomes projectionist for the local fleapit, babysitter, private gardener to a strange lady in pink who loves dolls. Cathy thought it was sensational from the entertainment point of view, and wiggled her toes under the sheet to prove it.

More serious, rather obsessional thoughts on the same subject arrived, courtesy of Jamie Lee Curtis in **Love Letters**. At first, you see her in a long pale nightdress reading a letter on the hot ring of a cooker till the circular burn marks appear, followed by a burst of flame. Curtis plays Anna Winger, a lonely radio announcer who discovers her mother's past in the attic – 20 or 30 poetic missives from a lover she never ran away with. She's ripe for extra-marital stuff herself, falling for a bearded photographer with a wife and two kids. The sex scenes between them are fairly intense, straight lust surrendering to hostile squabbles with kinky variations. "The thing you have to keep in mind," says her pool-playing female buddy, "about this kind of relationship is that if you don't feel something for the guy, you gotta get out. And if you do start feeling something, you are *fucked.*" It's low-budget, tense, hungry footage and held there all the way down the line.

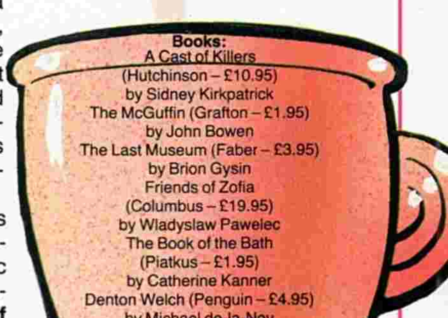
Hypnotic Kiss

Purely for hoots, I slipped in Tobe Hooper's **Lifeforce**, which sports a few space vampires, one of whom is a pretty dazzling dame with this hypnotic kiss complete with blue bolts from the eye sockets leaving sucked-out body husks when she's through with them. Special effects apart, the plot's a really limp version of galloping panic on the planet and clucking scientists who issue the cardboard doom forecasts. It has a breathy sound-track in places, too, like a phone pervert. I couldn't see what the fuss was about. Cathy left in the middle for some bacon and eggs, missing all but the final interstellar copulation in St. Paul's Cathedral, which wasn't as stimulating as it sounds.

All that remained were two films from that great odd couple of movie-making, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger. Firstly, their real masterpiece, **The Life And Death Of Colonel Blimp**, based on that famous *Evening Standard* caricature of a bellicose, illogical reactionary with shiny head, vast moustache and frightful temper. They humanize him. From his origins as a young soldier in the Boer War right up to an appointment to lead the Home Guard in World War II, he clings to the truth of what he believes in, and remains deeply in love with an ideal girl, played on three separate occasions in the film by Deborah Kerr. As he explains to a tired, disinterested nurse in Flanders, after he's glimpsed his love again: "You hear about a thing. You hope to see it, then you see it." There are moments of high farce and great tenderness here. It's also available, finally, in its original form and length, untouched by Churchill who tampered with it for its "subversive message". Just miraculous.

The other, **Age Of Consent**, sees Powell alone in Australia with a charming, comic affair between the disgruntled painter (James Mason) and the mercenary mermaid (Helen Mirren) whose nude body underwater breathes back vitality into his jaded canvases. Once he starts painting her body, having persuaded her to strip for two dollars an hour, he can't stop. She gives him back his eyes again. Of all their films together, Pressburger said this: "You can only try to prepare some nests, hoping that a little bit of magic will slide into them."

Right. It's that way with Cathy and me. Given time, she turns from a log into a fireball. I raised that nightgown. I met no resistance at all. The bed quivered as if an engine was running directly beneath it.



Books:
A Cast of Killers
(Hutchinson – £10.95)
by Sidney Kirkpatrick
The McGuffin (Grafton – £1.95)
by John Bowen
The Last Museum (Faber – £3.95)
by Brion Gysin
Friends of Zofia
(Columbus – £19.95)
by Wladyslaw Pawelec
The Book of the Bath
(Piatkus – £1.95)
by Catherine Kanner
Denton Welch (Penguin – £4.95)
by Michael de-la-Noy
Rock Wives (Virgin – £4.99)
by Victoria Balfour
Kennedy For The Defence
(Abacus – £3.50)
by George V. Higgins

Videos:
Mr Love (Warner)
Love Letters (Vestron)
Lifeforce (Guild Home Video)
The Life & Death of Colonel Blimp
(Video Collection)
Age Of Consent (RCA/Columbia)

WHEN IN FRANCE BUY FRENCH CLUB, OUR NEW MEGA GROOVY STABLEMATE

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WOMEN'S Writes

Club's women readers reveal their indiscretions and get their sexy secrets off their chests.

The party's over. But, for Maggie and her friend, the fun is just beginning . . .

I'd like to tell you about something that happened to a friend and myself a couple of weeks ago, when we were hitching back from a party. We hadn't wanted to stay the night on the floor with a crowd of drunks, and the guys who'd brought us had got pissed and couldn't drive, so Marjie and I set off in a huff, shortly after midnight, to hitch the ten miles home.

We were slightly worried about the dangers of hitching, but the wine we'd drunk had made us brave. We made a pact that we'd only accept a lift off a car containing women, or a man on his own. After about 15 minutes, a car came along with one man in it, so we thumbed like mad and it stopped.

At this point, I must describe what Marjie and I were wearing. The theme of the party had been "sin" and we'd both dressed as tartily as possible. I was in a red leather mini-skirt and black boob-tube, which was silky and ruched, and very high black patent shoes, and I had on a red suspender belt and black seamed stockings.

Marjie was wearing a clingy lurex skirt and a see-through blouse over an underwired bra that let her boobs pop out over the top. She also wore stockings and suspenders, and white sling-backs.

The guy who picked us up was smartly-dressed, about 45, and his car was immaculate, all shine and polish. He looked a bit startled when he saw our get-up, and we explained we'd been to a party. We started laughing and joking together. He said he loved our clothes, particularly our shoes, then rather shyly explained that he was a foot-fetishist and adored women's feet.

He said he would love to take our shoes off and make love to our toes, so Marjie giggled and said: "Why not?"

I looked at her in amazement and she winked, so I gave up. Marjie would try anything once.

He pulled into a dark side road and stopped the car. I was in the back seat, and Marjie was next to our driver. There was a moment's dead silence after he switched the engine off, and I felt tense with nerves, wondering what was about to happen and what we were expected to do, but Marjie solved my dilemma by throwing a leg into his lap.

He bent over and placed his lips on the shiny toe of her shoe, then asked for her other foot so he could deliver the same treatment. I sat forward fascinated, watching.

Patent Leather

He began to caress her leg from the knee down to the ankle, holding her shod foot in his hand. He stroked the patent leather of her shoe, then slowly, almost reverently, drew the shoe off. He enclosed her foot in his hands and closed his eyes. I could see him trembling slightly. Then he began to stroke it and kiss it through her stocking. Taking her toes in his mouth, he blew on them and sucked them gently. Then, reaching up her thigh, he unclipped her suspender and drew her stocking slowly and gradually down her leg, rolling the black nylon off the white flesh.

Marjie looked as if she was really enjoying it, and I was starting to feel slightly left out. Naughtily, I decided to check on just how greatly our free lift was enjoying Marjie's feet – and, sure enough, there was a definite bulge between his legs – a huge one, too. As he delicately tongued Marjie's little toe and brushed the palm of his hand across her nails, I decided to do him a favour and brush *my* hand over a certain part of him.

I reached between the two front seats, placed my hand on his thigh and slid it across to his lap where I could feel a very long, hard tool doubled painfully inside his clothes. I gave it a slight squeeze and he shivered, but made no move to stop me.

Giving my mate a nudge, I undid his zip, reached inside and took out his cock. I don't like cocks that are too wide, and this one was my ideal – about eight inches long and not more than two and a half inches in circumference. It was really stiff, standing up from his thighs like a poker.

Writhe Around

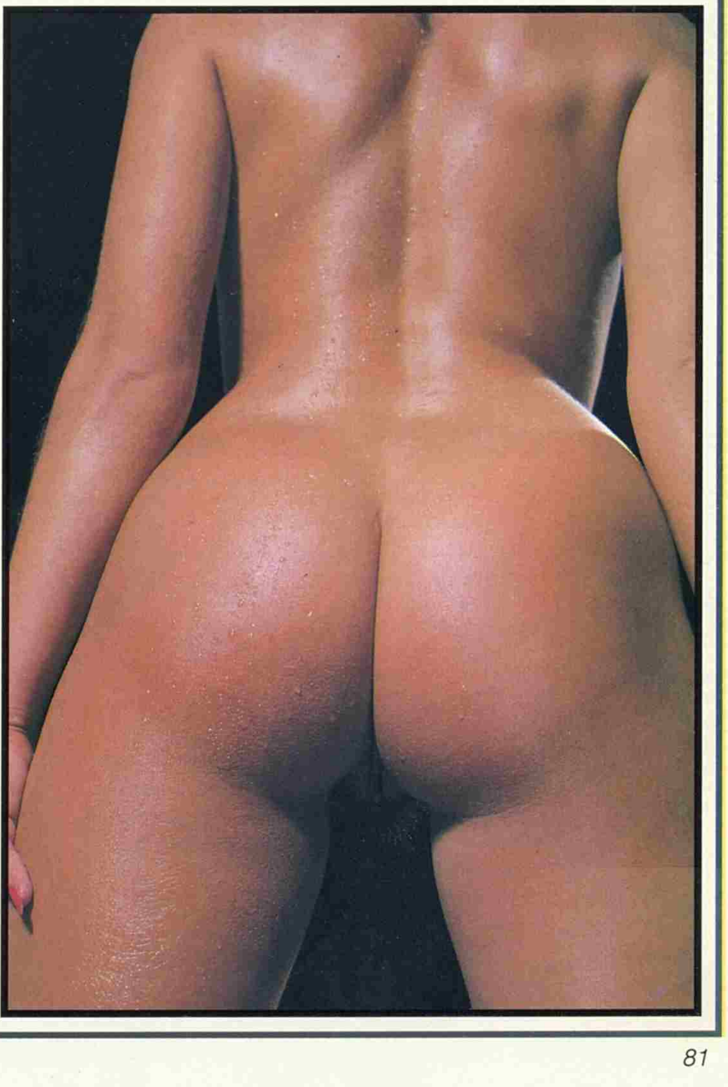
I gently pulled his foreskin back to reveal a fresh pink knob, slightly glistening with pre-orgasm. My ministrations had set him to sucking Marjie's toes furiously, and I noticed his hand had disappeared up her skirt and was working away inside her panties. If only it had been in *my* panties. I felt so horny, I could have screamed.

Marjie started to gasp and writhe around, and I knew she was going to come. My knickers were getting sopping wet; lovely lubricating juices were oozing down on to the insides of my thighs but there was no way in the cramped car interior that I could clamber over the seats and impale myself on this lovely rod that was stabbing up and down between my thumb and fingers.

I needed a fuck so badly, I groaned out loud. Seconds later, my groan was drowned out by wild cries from Marjie, and then our nameless driver withdrew a dripping, musky hand, which he sniffed appreciatively, then licked his fingers.

Marjie was collapsed in her seat, her chest still heaving from her exertions. I paused in my wanking activities, not quite knowing what the man wanted me to do. Perhaps foot fetishists didn't want to come that way, I thought. But it didn't remain a mystery for long, because he was soon scrambling into the back seat.

He kneeled on the floor, kissed my shoes like he'd done Marjie's, took them off my feet, then asked me to take his cock between my stockinged feet and rub my feet up and down it. I'd never heard of foot-wanking before. It put him into ecstasies and his rod grew even longer and harder. A bubble of semen popped out of the tip. And, with that, my sex glands jolted and I could feel my cunt opening



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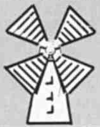

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wide, dying to take him in.

He must have read my mind, because he pushed my skirt up to my hips, yanked my pantie elastic roughly aside and thrust into me. I let out a sobbing cry as that hot, hard, smooth length slipped easily into my well-oiled hole. He ran a hand scented with Marjie over my face, and smelling my friend's excited musk got me even more turned-on.

Round about then, just as he was building up a good, fast rhythm inside me, Marjie revived and positioned herself so her bare feet were poking between the seats into the back, where he could just reach them with his lips. I was glad he hadn't sucked my toes because I'm very ticklish, but Marjie isn't.

He opened his mouth wide and took in all her toes in one go, mumbling and sucking them. This speeded his cock into even greater action, so it was pounding in and out of me and my bum was bouncing on the shiny leather upholstery.

Incredible Sight

My head started to whirl, something in my groin started to melt and I knew I was coming and yelled at the top of my voice as one more hard stab took me over the edge. The instant I came, I felt him pull out of me and opened my eyes to see him grasp his cock and give it a shake. The next second, spunk was spurting in jets all over my black-stockinged feet. It was an incredible sight – the thick, white drops beading the jet-black nylon and forming spreading puddles between my toes. It was the most erotic thing I'd ever seen.

We hardly spoke for the rest of the journey, apart from the occasional sigh and his murmured thanks to us both. But now, when I see that combination of shiny stilettos and black stockings, I can't help thinking back to that night.

Maggie, Swansea

Evelyn has a wild time of it when she takes the law into her own hands . . .

I am divorced and in my 40s. At a party, a young man in his 20s spent a long time chatting to me, then asked if I would like to go out for a meal with him. I accepted, not thinking there was anything in it other than friendship – after all, I was 20 years older than him, and even though I'm reasonably well-preserved, I didn't think he'd fancy me in the slightest. If I made a move, he'd probably run like hell.

When it came to the appointed evening, I found myself acting like a young girl on her first date. I put four or five different outfits on and discarded them all, then settled for a rather feminine dress in pale lemon cotton with lace and a low back. My date, Garry, was a barrister so I figured he'd be dressed quite smartly.

I was right. he turned up in a smart, pin-striped navy suit. He was a great talker, so I sat and listened... Then I was suddenly aware of a warm hand pressing my knee. I stared at him, but his face didn't change. He went on rabbiting about his university courses, and all the while his hand was exploring past my knee, up my thigh, as far as he could reach without being cut in two by the table.

It was a slow, stealthy movement, his fingers pressing, kneading, stroking. I imagined a fleshy bulge gradually hardening inside those navy trousers and felt a sharp throbbing begin between my legs, and the lips of my vulva begin to swell and grow moist. I hadn't had sex for quite a while – about eight months – and I was more than ready for it.

I still wasn't absolutely sure that he fancied someone as old as me, though. Even that hand didn't tell me anything other than that he enjoyed a grope under a table. So I leaned forward to talk to him and slid my hand, apparently unconsciously, inside the neckline of my dress and began to caress my left breast. I could tell he'd noticed what I was up to, and a pink flush crept over his face.

His voice was husky as he asked for the bill, and my heart was hammering, wondering what was going to happen next. I'd never wanted to get laid so much. But was he just a tease, or did he really want to screw me?

I soon found out, because he really took charge, insisting he took me straight home. When there, he climbed out of the car with me and locked the door.

We'd scarcely got inside my door when he came up on me from behind, putting his arms round me and grasping for my breasts while he pressed his groin up against my bottom. I wriggled a bit, feeling his erection and wanting it to grow even bigger and harder. I can take a good-sized cock; I suppose I've had plenty of practice in the past. This one promised to be a monster, and I found my vaginal muscles clenching with anticipation.

Silky Secret

As his exploration in the restaurant hadn't uncovered my secret – that I always wear French knickers – I was wondering what his reaction would be. Still pressing himself against my back, he slid his hand beneath my dress – and when he reached my silky secret, he grunted with pleasure.

"Shall we go into the bedroom?" I asked him.

"I can't wait for that. I want you right now," he said hoarsely. It was as if his lust released something inside me. I felt an incredible swollen, heavy feeling between my legs; and my clitoris ached so much to be touched, I clutched myself and pressed it hard.

I heard him fumbling about behind me, then something hot and hard slid past my stockinged thigh. I was bent right over, gripping the door handle, while he shoved his fat, hard, chunky penis right up the leg of my knickers and into my dripping fanny.

God, how I wanted him! Eight months of frustration were crying for release.

"You're so hot, you're a bitch on heat," he hissed in my ear. "All evening I could tell you were dying for it. Tell me, is it good?"

Talk Dirty

"It's good – it's great!" I panted, my buttocks thrusting against him. He reached over and grabbed my hanging breasts, squeezing them so I moaned with pleasure.

"I'll make you come. I'll make you come so many times, you'll beg for mercy."

I'd never had anyone talk dirty to me before, and the more he told me how much he wanted to fuck me, the faster and harder he thrust into me, until I reached a peak and orgasmed shudderingly, almost bent double with my bum stuck in the air.

"I've not finished with you yet," he said, sliding out of me and turning me round. He insisted on going into the bedroom, and lay on his back, ordering me to ride him.

I climbed astride, wincing a little as his mighty cock penetrated my still spasming lips. His weapon must have been as wide as it was long. It was like

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fucking a traffic bollard.

I raised my hips, hovered right on the rim of his cock, then plunged down again, taking him in to the hilt. I speeded up, moving so fast I felt he must surely come any second. He had his eyes closed and was tossing his head from side to side on the pillow.

"Bite me," he grunted through clenched teeth.

That did it. This guy was refusing to come and I was fucking-well going to make him. I bent my head and sank my teeth into his shoulder, then ran my mouth down his arm and over his chest, nipping him wherever I went. Every time I did so, I felt his cock jerk inside me.

I decided to use my hands as well, raking them over him, tugging at his hair, grinding my mouth against his, until we were both whipped up into a furious storm of clutching and scratching and fucking. I'd never been on such a sexual high before. This guy was dynamite. *I'll get you, you bastard,* I thought, and began a new movement, a plunge combined with a side-to-side-wriggle, pumping his balls rhythmically in my hand as I did so. We were so out of our heads with lust, we scarcely noticed what we were doing to each other any more, apart from the fact his cock was jamming into me and my cunt muscles were contracting hard on it, teasing the come from his bollocks.

Quick Movements

I wrenched him away from me, hurling him back against the pillows. I lifted my hips as high as I could without losing contact with his prick, then rammed down on him, clenching my cunt as hard as I could and twisting my fingers in his hair while I nipped one of his nipples in my teeth.

A second later, he shook from head to toe, gripped by an orgasm which was so powerful, I could feel the jets of his spunk spurting against my vaginal walls. While his cock was still pulsing, I came myself in three or four quick movements, helping myself out with a quick clitty rub.

We were drenched in sweat. and the bed was soaking with sweat and come. It had been a real sexual battle – and both of us had won.

Evelyn, London NW2

Judith has the carpenter round, and it's not long before she finds out how good a craftsman he really is . . .

I've been feeling pretty lonely and pretty randy lately – not a good thing for a 29-year-old girl to be. My boyfriend and I broke up about four months ago, and, since then, no man had attracted me in the slightest. Round at a friend's house, I saw some copies of Club and got engrossed in them while she was making coffee. She said she and her husband were great fans of the magazine.

As I leafed through it, reading other people's sexy experiences, I could feel myself growing hot and wet, and wished I'd been alone and able to indulge in a nice, slow, juicy wank.

When I left, she gave me a couple of magazines to take with me and I brought myself to a most satisfying orgasm reading *Readers' Writes* – though it wasn't as good as having a real, hard cock up me.

I happened to leave the magazines on the hall table, and the next morning I had a carpenter coming round to give me an estimate on some work in my kitchen. He arrived early and I only had time to throw on a thin kimono before letting him in. I knew I was tousled and hot from just waking up, and I could see the interest in his eyes as he looked me over. But I didn't even think of sex – he was just a workman with a job to do.

I went to answer the phone. When I came back, he had found my magazines and was looking at an extremely provocative photo of Linzi.

"You like this kind of thing?" he asked me.

"I'm not a lesbian, if that's what you think," I told him.

"I didn't think you were," he said, his eyes roving over me again in a way that made me go hot all over. "You just like sex, eh?"

"Well . . ." I grinned sheepishly. Did I like sex!

He could see I was getting a bit embarrassed, so he went off and made notes on the work I needed doing. When he'd finished, he came back into the living room where I was drinking a cup of coffee. Something about the situation of being totally naked beneath a flimsy wrap while a strange man roamed round the house was making me feel decidedly randy, and I was aware that my nipples, which are very long when aroused, were pointing hard against the thin white satin of my Chinese dressing gown.

Sudden Gasp

He walked over and stood in front of me. A knot tightened in my stomach at the sight of his taut, muscular thighs clad in blue denim. I let my eyes roam upwards, past a promising crotch bulge and broad chest, up to a saucy grin and bright blue eyes under a thatch of blond hair.

"Whether I get the job or not, I certainly wouldn't mind seeing you again," he told me. "That is, if you haven't got a boyfriend . . ."

Right then, I was between men but I didn't want him to think I was on the shelf. I opened my mouth to answer, and gave a sudden gasp as his knee brushed against mine.

"Are you in a hurry to go anywhere right now?" I enquired. He shook his head, and the next minute he was crouching down on the carpet in front of me, gently opening the front of my kimono.

"I had to check if they were real – and they certainly are," he said, brushing his fingers against each of my nipples in turn. There was a sudden tingling at the top of my labia, as my clitoris throbbed into action. I wanted him – wanted to see what lay coiled behind his zipper, making such a luscious bulge in his jeans.

He began sucking my left nipple while I tangled my fingers in his hair, then let them stray down the front of his shirt. I found one of his nipples and pinched it gently: he responded by pressing his crotch against my legs so I could feel him hardening.

He pulled my whole robe apart and pushed me backwards so I was lying with my large, firm breasts and soft golden pubes displayed for him to see. He moved over me, his fingers scrabbling for his zip, but I was too fast for him. "Let me . . ." I whispered, and snapped open his waistband fastener, then pulled his zip down. I let my fingers probe inside. A long, rock-hard ridge strained against his underpants. I delved inside and felt his cock twitch as I ran my fingers up its silky length.

He was circumcised, and his knob was really big and gleaming. I was about to take it into my mouth when he spread my thighs and plunged his face between my legs. I hadn't yet washed that morning and was a bit embarrassed, but he said I tasted really good. My juices were already flowing, and he took each cunt lip in turn into his mouth and sucked it gently, then probed my well-lubricated hole with his tongue, which made me shiver and writhe.

"Oh God, fuck me, please fuck me," I groaned, taking his cock in my hand and guiding it towards my cunt, which was aching to be filled and satisfied.

His blunt, fleshy knob butted against the entrance to my cunt, till suddenly my flesh gave way and admitted him, his whole nine inches sliding in to the hilt. I wrapped my legs around his waist and heaved up and down with my buttocks, building up a fantastic rhythm to match his own. Each stroke brought me closer to orgasm and our bodies thrashed about on the sofa, his mouth grabbing at my swaying breasts, my hands squeezing his hard, tight, spunk-filled balls.

Suddenly he began to groan and jerk. I cried out as he rammed right up my womb and pumped me full of hot, milky semen which overflowed my hole and ran down the sides of his cock, spilling out stickily between my buttocks. I started to come then, and he surprised me by pulling out, and, quick as lightning, substituting his mouth and tongue for his cock. I moaned and pressed my clitty against his face, not caring that I was smearing his whole face with our mutual juices. I came with his tongue right up my fanny and my clit against his teeth. It was the most violent, ecstatic orgasm I'd ever had.

I was so knocked out by it that I only vaguely heard him saying he had to go, but that he'd call in with the estimate tomorrow. It took me half an hour to calm down and get myself vertical again – and then I thought I'd write and thank the magazine that made it all possible. I hope I'll get an equally good fucking tomorrow.

Judith, Wakefield

club Chance would be a fine thing!

t's fair to say we've turned the tables a bit on Dawn-Louise this month. As a hairdresser – and a more than competent make-up artist – it's her business to make other people look a million dollars.

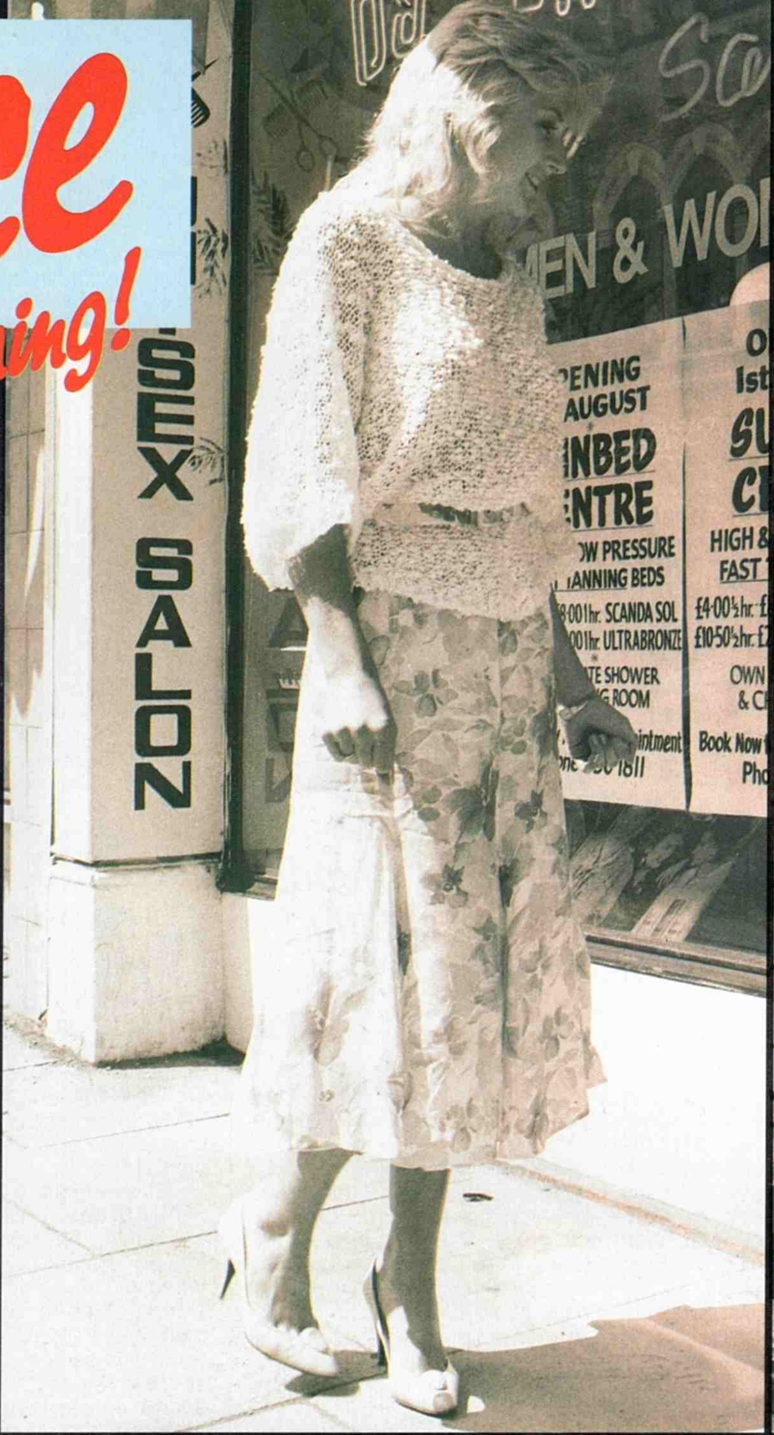
It's part of the *Club Chance* deal, though, that *we* do all the work. It was a situation which made Dawn-Louise a bit ill at ease at first. "If it had been humanly possible, I would have run behind myself to see how my hair was being done. But I ealized I was in the hands of an expert, so I soon relaxed. And the end result is something I would have been proud to have done myself!"

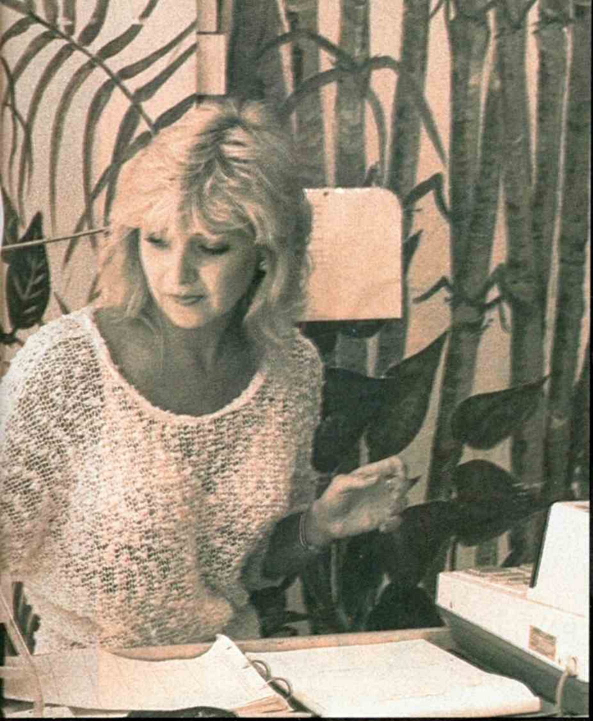
Dawn-Louise (23) is one of those people who's ridiculously happy in her work. "I think I must have been born with a pair of scissors and a comb in my hands, because I've always loved playing around with people's hair. I love trying out new styles, so my favourite clients are the ones who'll let me experiment with them.

"I suppose my most unusual session was when a boyfriend asked me to give him a trim. Nothing unusual in that, I suppose, only it wasn't the hair on his *head* I had to cut! There was a certain organ getting in the way at first, lthough it wasn't long before it stood up out of he way all by itself . . ."

Must be the only time in the history of hairdressing where someone has grown an extension while having hair cut *off.* Unless, as he woman with the big teeth says, you know better . . .

Photographs by Ian Potter





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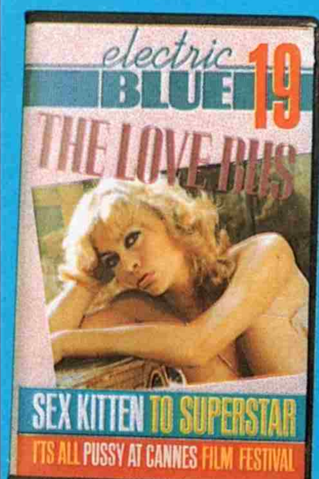
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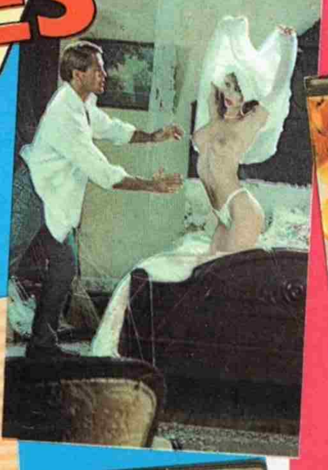

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2 BRA BUSTERS
3 NUDE WIVES EXTRA
4 BEST OF BRITISH
5 NUDE WIVES I
6 NUDE WIVES II
7 CELEBRITY SPECIAL
8 EROTICA
9 SEX MANIACS GUIDE TO THE USA
10 UGLY GEORGE

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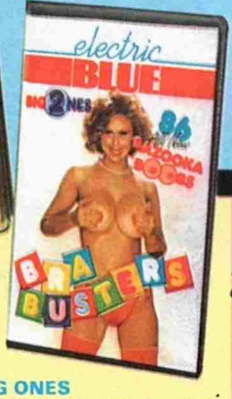
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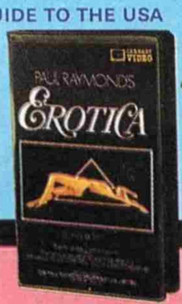
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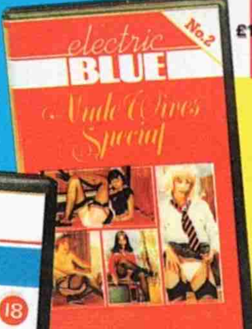
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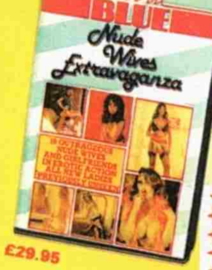
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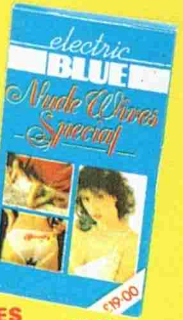
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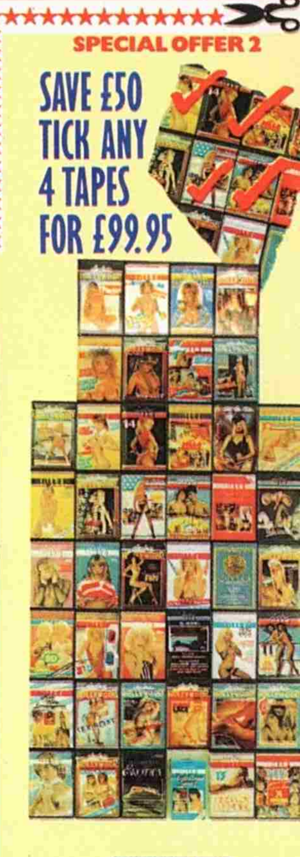

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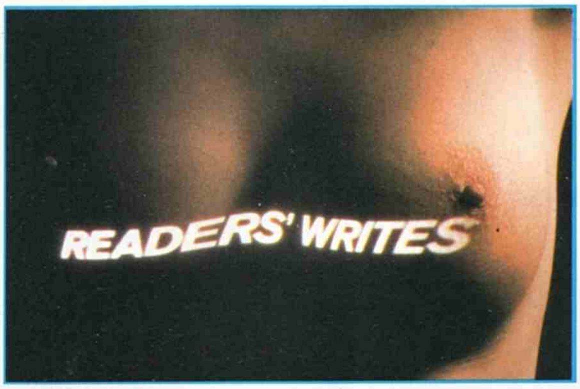


continued from page 7

tic; a combination of the pleasures of masturbation and full intercourse. The pleasure of spraying my spunk into – and all over – a held-open pussy was immeasurable, and I was delighted to see that my wife managed to time her climax to coincide with mine.

The mutual wanking sessions have now become an integral part of our sex life: sexier – and kinkier – than conventional intercourse could ever be. My only wish is that we'd discovered this new technique eight years ago! *Paul, Matlock*

Top Ten Corner

1 Linda Lusardi (model)
2 Linzi Drew
3 Jane Hutcheson (Emmerdale Farm)
4 Sue Carpenter (Breakfast Time newsreader)
5 Priscilla Presley (Dallas)
6 Felicity Kendal (actress)
7 Julia Somerville (newsreader)
8 Anneka Rice (Treasure Hunt)
9 Trudie Goodwin (The Bill)
10 Heather Locklear (TJ Hooker)

Brian, Northamptonshire

Classy Chloe

I felt I could really relate to the picture set of Chloe, as featured in Vol 15 No 10. Most men I know seem to find the slinky, sophisticated look – as modelled so well by Chloe – a great turn-on, and I choose to wear this gear as often as possible.

However, I've added my own little speciality – elbow-length gloves. In silky-smooth black leather or lovely lace, I've yet to meet a man who doesn't adore being wanked off while I'm wearing them. There's something very kinky about the sight of a big, veinous, purple-headed hard-on being milked into an eager female mouth by a tight, black, leather-covered fist.

Not that I draw the line at gloves, mind. My latest sexual accessory – in addition to stockings and gloves – is a black pillbox hat with a veil. I'm reliably informed the overall effect is so erotic, I "deserve to be gang-banged". That suits me fine, because I have a secret passion for exactly that! Dressed as I've just described, with a cock in each (gloved) hand, a large cock in my mouth and an even bigger one up my snatch, I'd be one happy lady.

Janine, Nottinghamshire

Page 33 will go down well with you, we think – Ed.

Chloe, Club's own sophisticate, isn't alone, it seems . .

Stable Spy

I keep my pony in an old wooden stable, courtesy of a friendly local farmer. I was there to let him out one day, when I heard a number of voices coming from behind the building. I peeped through a small gap in the shrunken boards at the rear of the stable, and froze.

There below me, not 12 feet away, was a couple lying on the turf, kissing and fondling each other. The woman (about 25) was bare-breasted, and the man was kissing her breasts and nipples.

I held my breath and watched as he tugged her skirt up until her thighs and panties were exposed. He then stroked her thighs and rubbed between them until she opened her legs, and I saw his fingers slip inside her French knickers. She said something to him, and he took his hand away while she slipped her knickers off.

At the same time, he took his trousers and pants off and cast them to one side. I had only a quick view of a stiff cock before he lay down beside the woman and carried on stroking between her thighs. I could see she was very hairy down there. When she raised her knees, I could also see his fingers were opening the lips of her fanny.

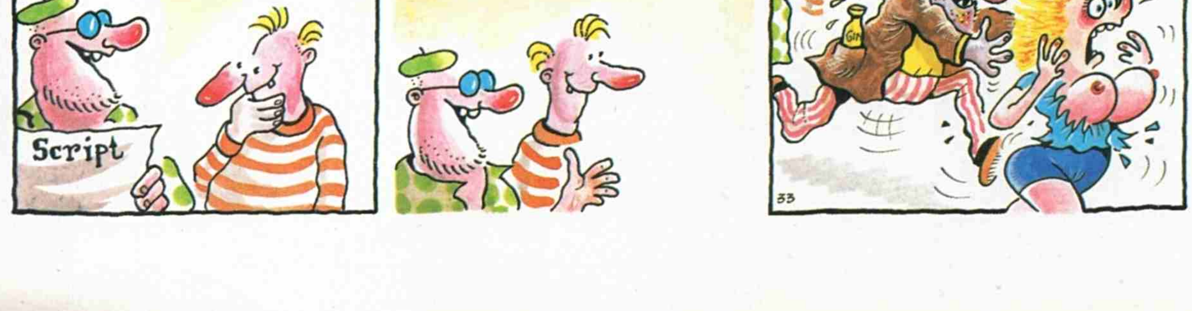
He probed and stroked her for what seemed like ages. Then they suddenly wriggled around at right angles to me, and he moved on top of her. She took his cock in her hand and guided it towards her fanny. They moved gently at first, and then very quickly.

She thrust against him until she grunted and cried out, with her head thrashing from side to side. Then she lay still while he pounded on faster and faster. Next, he pulled away from her and kneeled up. I then saw this magnificent, erect penis jerk and spurt two or three jets of semen on to the woman's belly.

I couldn't wait any longer. I turned and tiptoed out, and then ran home.

That night as I lay in bed, I kept seeing the man's penis jerking up and down and spurting, and I found myself playing with my wet fanny. I had a terrific orgasm. I must have made a noise, because my mother came into the bedroom and asked if I had had a bad dream.

"No," I told her. But, under my breath, I said: "It was a lovely dream . . ." And I still have a vision of that wonderful cock every time I masturbate. *Kath, Gloucestershire*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DREAMS come true. Sensual massage by beautiful brunette (Bayswater). 01727 2335.

MANCHESTER City centre, luxury 1hr massage. Appointments, Sally 061-832 4027.

SENSUAL massage for gentlemen, Janine, Luton (0582) 29211 after 11am.

SENSUOUS massage for exclusive gents. Ring Sally. Tel 061-430 8842.

ATTRACTIVE baby-faced blonde Sue. 18-year-old masseuse. Tel 01-373 7251.

I'M AN attractive, sophisticated young masseuse. Let me fulfil your fantasies. Baker St., Tracey 01-486 9730.

GENTLEMEN prefer blondes. Young sensual massage, Fulham area. Tel 01-384 1281.

DANISH Touch, elegant blonde masseuse from Denmark, will relax you, 01-823 4522.

CHAMPAGNE, fresh, young classy, blonde invites you for a revitalizing massage. Central London. Tel 01-373 1293.

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NORFOLK House V.I.P. suite, Jacuzzi, luxurious surroundings, complimentary drink. Birmingham 021 551 5245.

BRIGHTON executive leisurely massage in luxurious surroundings. Exquisite blonde. 0273 729675.

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MISS martini of Knightsbridge, sparkling young lady, with luxurious apartment 12-12 telephone 01-589 8946.

DUSTY, lovely, Afro-South American masseuse, london, West End. 01-487 3813.

AFRICAN Lady gives massage inluxury flat, Birmingham. 021-454 6265.

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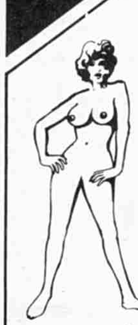

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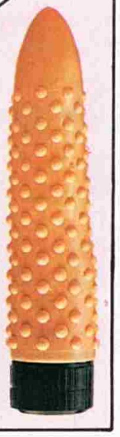
107 BENDER



The firm yet flexible spongy rubber Bender is the perfect answer for those who want a more 'natural' vibrator. It produces powerful and exhilarating sensations with its variable speed control and provides extra thrills with its delicately profiled sides. **£7.50**

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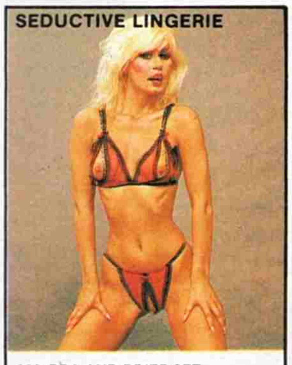

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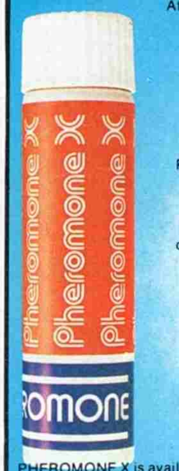

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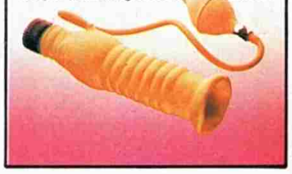

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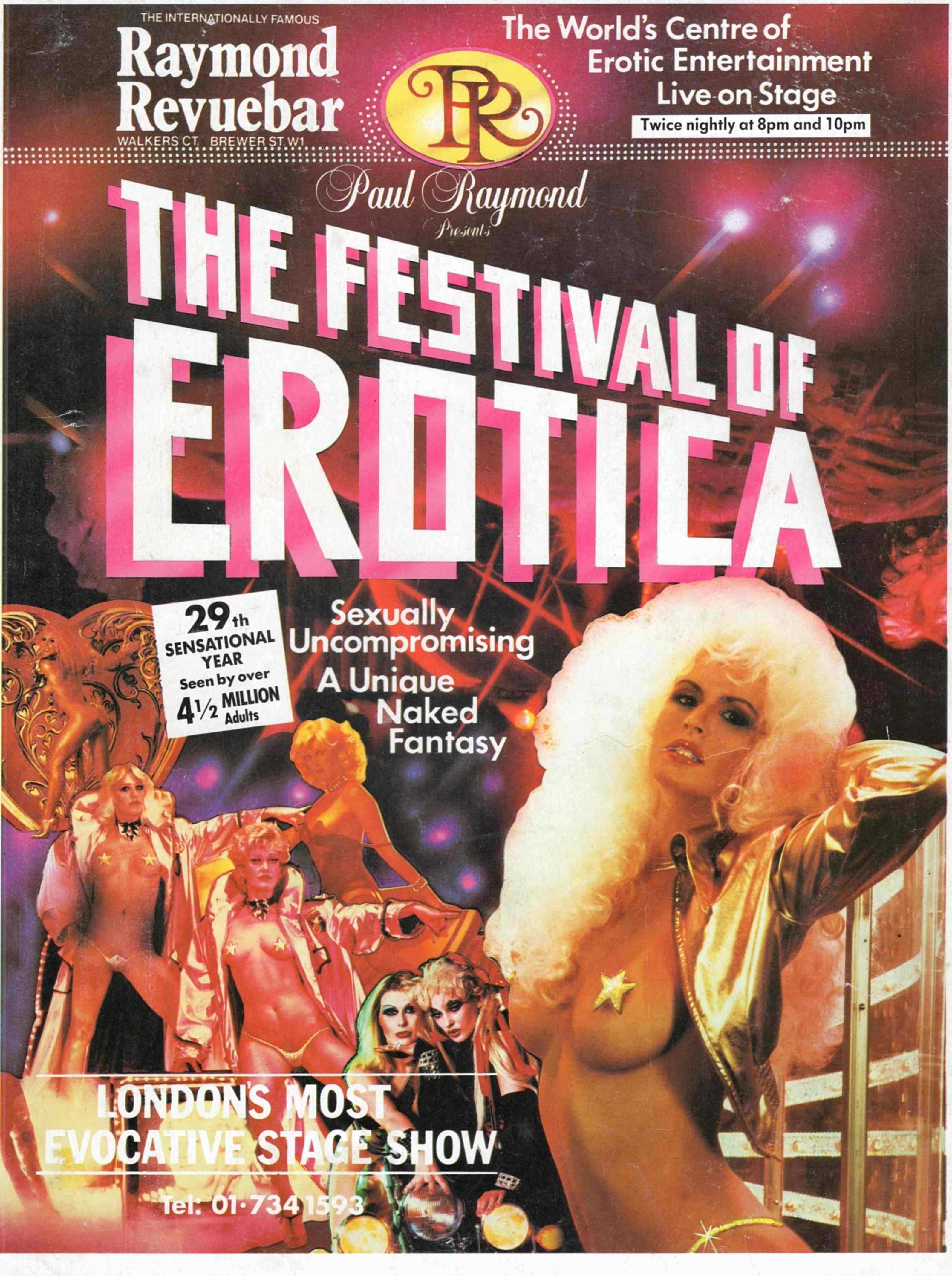

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